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Fruits of Retirement:

O R,

Miscellaneous Poems,
Moral and Divine.

B E I N G

Some *Contemplations, Letters, &c.*
Written on Variety of Subjects
and Occasions.

By *MARY MOLLINEUX,*
Late of *Liverpool*, Deceased.

To which is Prefixed,
Some Account of the Author.

*And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord,
for he hath Triumphed Gloriously, Exod. 15. 21.*

London, Printed and Sold by *T. Sowle*, in
White-Hart-Court in *Gracious-street*, 1702.

STUDIES OF ANTIQUITIES

OF

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

AND

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
VARIETY OF SUBJECTS
AND OBJECTS



BY
J. G. BURTON

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

AND OBJECTS

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Printed by W. G. BURTON

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A
TESTIMONY

Concerning

My dear Friend and Cousin

Mary Mollineux,
DECEASED,

*In a Living Remembrance of the Benefit which
I received by her Labour of Love; and now
Recommended to the Youth of our Age, to
Excite them to Faithfulness, and a Circum-
spect Conversation.*

THE worthy Author of these Writings,
was one whose near Relation to me be-
gan our Acquaintance almost with our
Lives; she was the only Child of her Mother, as I
of my Father, (and they own Brother and Sister.)
This gave us opportunity of frequent Converse
with each other; and having no Sisters of our
own, and our natural Inclinations and Tempers
being suitable, caused us more to respect each
other: Tho' she was of more Years, and dif-
ferent Principles, in matters of Re-
ligion, at that time,* yet the Sympa-

* Being one call'd
a Quaker.

Frances Owen *her* Testimony

thy and Kindness, that was betwixt us, out-ballanced the seeming Disparity; and we could Argue without Wrangling; and Dissent without Discord; and such was her prudent winning Carriage towards me, that even in my green and childish Years, she often prevail'd with me to quit many trifling things, in which I then delighted, for more profitable Employments; which she was not wanting to recommend to me, nor to tell me of my Faults; but with so much Affection, and good Counsel, that like a mollifying, healing Balsam, it cured almost Insensibly. And so far was I from accounting her my Enemy, for telling me the truth, that considering her Wisdom and Vertue, together with her Plain Dealing, which I took as no small Argument of her Kindness; knowing, Reproof and good Advice to be so thankless an Office, that nothing but Love and Duty can prevail with a discreet Person to act that part: I say, upon these Inducements, I made choice of her as my particular Bosom-Friend. Nor was I mistaken, or disappointed, for such she approved her self; making choice of me also as hers (soon after my Convincement.) Thus was our Love Reciprocal: And this was the beginning of our Friendship, so often mentioned in her Verses; which the rather induceth me to hint it here, as an Encouragement to all, who profess the pure Unerring Truth, to keep Faithful in their Place and Testimony; that so the Lord may make use of them to invite and win their Familiars and Relations to love and embrace the precious Truth; as she was made an happy Instrument of Good to me,
by

concerning Mary Mollineux.

by her many kind Admonitions, and feasonable Cautions, Verbal and Literal, both in Verse and Prose: But chiefly, that prevailing Argument of good Example, and circumspect Conversation, which the Lord, in his Infinite Mercy, was pleased so to bless, that they became Motives to me, to consider how much I was short of her; and to examine her Principles, as well as my own: Then did the Lord open my Eyes, and by his Light and Spirit in my Heart, gave me a sight of my inward State and Condition; which I found to be unsafe, notwithstanding the advantages of a sober Education; and that, if my Righteousness exceeded not that of the *Scribes and Pharisees*, in vain was it to expect an admittance into the *Heavenly Kingdom*. So that after much Sorrow, and many Conflicts, the Lord brought me to this Resolution, in my own Mind, That if he would be pleased to discover his Way, which leads to Life and Salvation, and how I should attain Power to walk in it, so that I might enjoy his Peace, which I so much wanted, with his assistance, *I would become his Disciple*, and follow him whithersoever he should lead: Then did the Lord, in his great Love, and never-to-be-forgotten Condescension, shew me, that it was a *strait Way*, despised by many Wise and Prudent of the World; and *walked in by a poor, self-denying, undervalued People*, which it would be hard for me to be numbred with: And so I found it, being almost ready to despair, until the Lord inclined my Heart to take her Counsel, and go to some Meetings of the People called *Quakers*; where I heard the Way of God so plainly discovered,

Frances Owen her Testimony

and his Blessed Truth so livingly preached, that I was Convinced thereof, and well Satisfied, that the Glorious Presence of the Lord, and his Heart-mollifying Power, was with this People, which unusually tender'd my Spirit, and distinguished their Meetings from those I had formerly frequented. This made me delight to meet with them, tho' much Wonder'd at, Scoff'd and Reproach'd for it; yet by her Encouraged: But, Praised be the great Almighty God, he brought me, in his own appointed time, to witness the fulfilling of his
psal. 110. 3. *ancient Prophecy, making me Willing in the Day of his Power; Willing to become a Fool and Gazing-stock to my former Acquaintance; willing to be rid of the Load of Sin, I had labour'd under: And considering that no Burden could be heavier, was also made to accept the tender Invitation of our blessed Lord and Saviour, who said, Come unto me, all*
Mat. 11. 8. *you who labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my Yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your Souls; for my Yoke is easie, and my Burden is light: And blessed be the Eternal Goodness, I have witnessed it to be so, in comparison of the Bondage of Corruption. And I here insert my Exercise, for the Incouragement of the Sincere-hearted, that all may depend upon the Lord, who is a good Re-*
Heb. 11. 6. *warder of those who diligently seek him; and can give Testimony, according to their measure, that his Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace; therefore let those, whose Feet are thither*
Prov. 3. 17. *turned,*

concerning Mary Mollineux.

turned, hold on their Way, and persevere in Righteousness and Purity; that so they may grow stronger and stronger, and be able to lend a helping-hand to them who are weak; as this my dear Friend hath often done, both to me and others. And let all, who are yet seeking the Lord, and his Truth, be encouraged in Faithfulness and Obedience to follow God's Requirings in their own Hearts; *for that which may be known of God, is there manifested; and whatsoever doth make manifest, is Light, (viz.) the Light of Jesus, which enlightneth every Man that comes into the World: This is that which truly discovers God to Man, and Man to himself; yea, the whole Mystery of Godliness.* Therefore let none tire in their search after Truth, nor be weary in well-doing, for they shall reap in due season, the benefit thereof, if they faint not, but hold out to the end; as did the Author of the ensuing Verses: Of whom I am willing to give the Reader some Account.

She was one who, in her Childhood, was much afflicted with weak Eyes, which made her unfit for the usual Imployment of Girls; and being of a large Natural Capacity, quick, witty, and studiously inclined, her Father brought her up to more Learning, than is commonly bestowed on our Sex; in which she became so good a Proficient, that she well understood the *Latin Tongue*, fluently discoursed in it; and made a considerable progress in *Greek* also; wrote several *Hands* well; was a good *Arithmetician*, yea, in the best *Arithmetick*; for she so numbred her days,

Rom. 1. 19.

Eph. 5. 13.

Gal. 6. 9.

Psal. 90. 12.

Frances Owen *her* Testimony

as to apply her Heart unto Wisdom; as also to the study of several useful Arts; had a good understanding of Physick and Chyrurgery, the Nature of Plants, Herbs, and Minerals; and made some inspection into divers profitable Sciences; delighting in the Study of Nature, and to admire the great God of Nature, in the various Operations of his Power and Goodness, the wonderful Harmony and Order of the Creation, and the Infinite Wisdom by which it is govern'd; of which she would often speak: Admiring how there could be an Atheist in the World; since the Creation doth so plainly assert the Being of a Deity. And as we have been Walking or Riding together, would often discourse of the present Objects, much tending to Edification; making many pretty Remarks, and comparing outward things with inward: As also, upon all occasions, would draw such useful Observations, as made her Company profitable and delighting: For she was of a thoughtful, composed Temper; yet of a quick Apprehension, and Ingenious; which, being season'd with Truth, (in which she had many sweet Openings) these meeting in a Temper conversable, and concerned for the Good of others, made her Conversation improving and desirable. She was one who loved the Blessed Truth (and they who walked according to it) from a Child, being early Convinced thereof; tho' she was not satisfied with a bare Profession of Religion, but Zealous for the Life of it, both in her self and others; also furnished with good Arguments to defend it, being ready to give an Answer to every one that asked a Reason of the Hope which

was

concerning Mary Mollineux.

was in her, with Meekness and Fear: Not forward to begin a Dispute, yet sound in what she undertook, and never (that I know of) foyle'd in an Argument; for she had an Eye to the Lord, and liked to be satisfied that she was in her place, and called by him to what she did for him: Would often mention the passage of *Uzzah*, 2 Sam. 6. 6, 7. how Death was his Punishment, for putting forth his hand to take hold of the *Ark of God*, when the Oxen shook it; it being a Service not required of him.

Nor was she proud, or conceited of her Parts and Learning, but adorned with an humble Modesty; having, I believe, meaner Thoughts of her self, than any one else had of her, who knew her Qualifications.

Plain and decent in her Cloaths, which she valued for Service, more than Sight; and slighted, in comparison of those better Ornaments of the Mind, which she preferr'd above Splendid or Costly Apparel.

She was one, who loved to read the Holy Scriptures, and such useful Authors, as had a tendency to Improvement; in which she spent much time: God having furnished her with an extraordinary Memory, to retain the same.

She delighted much in Solitude, and was often alone; setting apart some time of the Day for Retirement; and would frequently say to me, in the Evenings, Let us go aside, and wait upon the Lord; we have daily need of daily Bread, and to renew our Strength; and how can we expect it, if we do not wait for it? And would recite the passage of *Elijah*,
1 Kings

Frances Owen *her* Testimony

1 Kings 18. 36. that at the time of the *Evening Sacrifice*, the Lord answered by Fire; with other pretty Remarks, too tedious to insert, which she abounded in, upon all occasions, to promote that which was good. In these times of Retirement, Verses would often come up in her Mind, which she after wrote: Many of these, herewith printed, being Meditations according to the Frame and Exercise of her Spirit, when thus Composed.

Neither did she neglect publick opportunities to Worship God; for she was diligent in frequenting Religious Meetings, not being apt to omit any, unless upon extraordinary occasion. Nor did she suffer her Eyes to wander, which the Mind too often accompanies; but the Composedness of her Countenance, shewed the Sedateness of her well-exercised Mind: And the good Improvement she made of publick and private Devotion, her Innocent and Christian Life did clearly discover; which she well began in her early Years, and manifested her Progress therein, by her Constancy and Perseverance to the End, which Crowns all; *For 'tis he that endures to the end, that shall be saved*: This she had a regard to, more than the Fading Enjoyments of this uncertain World; and, I believe, she was in a good Condition when she left it, and laid down her Head in Peace with the Lord, leaving a good Savour behind her.

She was one who willingly and chearfully Suffered for the Truth, incouraging others to do the like, both by Precept and Example: One just, honest, and true to her word, temperate and self-denying,

concerning Mary Mollineux.

denying ; keeping within the limits prescribed for Health, which she regarded, more than to gratifie a Luxurious Appetite : Solid and Grave in her Carriage, mixt with an Innocent Cheerfulness; not formally Austere; yet rather Reserved, than Over-free; Bashful, than Bold.

To conclude, She was one whose Modesty, Charity, Friendship, and Religious Conversation, came not short of her Excellent Writings; to which I refer the Reader, for a fuller Character of their Author, than I am capable of giving: Her own Pen having discovered the Rich Treasure of her Pious Mind. But what I have written, is from an Experimental Knowledge of her; and no one, I believe, knew her better than my self: For she was as much without Reserve to me, I think, as one Friend could be to another; for we Loved entirely, communicated our Minds and Exercises to each other freely, advising with one another on most occasions: And great was our Nearness and Unity of Spirit, in the Truth; yea, great her Concern for my Welfare, which she zealously labour'd for; as the many Letters, both in Verse and Prose, to me writ, and herewith printed, largely demonstrates.

And tho' Verse is not so commonly used in Divine Subjects, as Prose, and but too much abused by the extravagant Wits of the Age; yet she, like a Skilful Chymist, had learned to separate the Purer Spirits, and more Refined Parts of Poetry, from the Earthly, Worthless Dross; and made use of her Gift, rather to Convince and Prevail upon the Mind, to affect and raise the Soul upon Wings of Divine Contemplation,

Frances Owen her Testimony.

templation, than to Please the airy Fancy with Strains of Wit, and Unprofitable Invention; which she was ever careful to avoid.

And tho' Living Testimonies to the Truth are numerous, yet few extant in Verse, which hath an harmonious delighting Faculty in it, that Influences the Minds of some, more than Prose, especially Young People, and is more apt to imprint it self in the Memory: Therefore, her Subject being Divine, and so sensibly and solidly managed; as it hath been of Service to those few who have had the Perusal of it, so, I hope, will be attended with a General Benefit.

And having reaped no small Advantage thereby my self, could do no less, than Recommend her Worthy Labours, and Exemplary Life, to others, as a Pattern well worth following. For her Acquaintance, may say of her, as was said of *Ruth*, *The City of my People doth know that she was a Vertuous Woman*. And being a good Instrument in the Hand of the Lord to me, having also been much Comforted, Encouraged, and Refreshed by her Verses, my desire is, That the Lord may so Bless them to Posterity, that many may reap such an Advantage by them, as may tend to the Promotion of Truth, and the Good of Souls in general.

Which is the sincere Desire of an Universal Well-wisher to all Mankind.

Frances Owen.

*Rigate, the 20th of the
Third Month, 1701.*

A

TESTIMONY

Concerning

My dear Friend *M. Mollineux*.

AS concerning my dearly Beloved Friend, *Mary Mollineux*, I have more to testify, than I shall commit to Writing, having had intimate Acquaintance and Fellowship with her above Sixteen Years; in all which time, her grave, vertuous, modest Life and Conversation, deserveth singular Remembrance; because her Friendly Communication, Conference, and Deportment, was always solid, sensible, and tender, mixt with a feeling and sympathizing Love to her Friends, in all Exercises and Afflictions: She was one, to whom I could freely impart my Mind and Concerns, in any Exercises; as I often have done, to my Comfort and Refreshment. My Heart is moved, in the Remembrance of her Faithfulness and Integrity, from the day that I was first acquainted with her, with Sorrow for the Loss of so near a Friend; who, although she was plentifully endued with many worthy Gifts and Parts, both Natural and Spiritual, yet I never knew her *lifted up* in any of them, nor *exalted above her measure*; but rather Reserved, than in any wise forwardly divulging her Gifts to the publick Censure, without weighty Con-

Tryall Ryder's Testimony

Consideration; so that she would not cast her Pearls before Swine: Yet not so much Reserved, but that to her near intimate Friends, whom she knew in the Fellowship and Bond of Truth, she was very Free and Tender. I remember, that several Years ago, when she was a single Woman, upon the Perusal of some Copies of her Verses, which she gave me, I felt such Unity of Spirit with them, that I said, I thought they might be of Service, if made Publick in Print; but she was not then free, that her Name should be exposed; she not seeking Praise amongst Men, but to communicate the Exercise of peculiar Gifts amongst her near Friends and Acquaintance: But now, since it hath pleased the Lord to remove her out of the Earthly Tabernacle, into Everlasting Rest, in which, I am well satisfied, she is for ever Blessed, I think it would be ungrateful to her Memory, and also a wronging of others, to keep such Worthy Things unpublished; with which, I believe, the most that are of Open Understandings, and Unprejudiced Hearts, will have (in some measure) Unity. I desire and hope, they may truly tend to the Benefit of all Moderate Readers, and to the Praise of Him, who is the only Author of every good and perfect Gift.

And so I rest, a Well-wisher to all Mankind; but more especially to the Household of Faith.

Tryall Ryder.

concerning Mary Mollineux.

IS worthy Mollineux now fall'n asleep,
In true Contentedness, and Silence deep?
Her Noble Blessed Soul yet lives above,
I'th' Everlasting Bliss, i'th' Father's Love;
Where she doth rest, whilst we our selves bemoan
Our Loss of her, in Vertue so well known.
And still her Memory remains alive
I'th' Hearts of all her Friends, which do survive;
Who knew her Vert'ous Mind, Life, Words, and Way,
That from her tender Youth, she did not stray
From Wisdom's Voice and Dictates in her Heart;
Whereby she was enabled to impart
Some Fruits thereof, while she was very Young,
To such as saw to what it did belong:
The tender Noble Seed of Grace and Truth
Did freely spring, when she was in her Youth;
And grew in her, as she increas'd in Years,
Bringing forth Fruit, as by her Book appears:
Of which, a Testimony rests behind,
As they that Read her Lines may fully find.
She did not strive, nor glory, to appear
In Gifts or Parts, but still to live in Fear;
Whence Wisdom's known to have a true Beginning,
And in the same she made a Faithful Ending.

T. R.

A

A
TESTIMONY

Concerning my Late Wife

Mary Mollineux,
DECEASED.

Concerning my dear, loving, and late deceased Wife, *Mary Mollineux*, formerly *Mary Southworth*, whom I took in Marriage on the Tenth Day of the Second Month, 1685. I was first Acquainted with her at *Lancaster-Castle*, where we both, at one time, were Prisoners for being at peaceable Religious Meetings of the People called *Quakers*, in the Year 1684. (tho' we had seen each other before.) In which Imprisonment, I believed that she should be my Wife; but never intended to express any thing thereof, whilst we were both Prisoners there; and after she was released, I saw her, and was in company with her several times, before I expressed any thing of my Concern to take her to be my Wife; several considerable Men having before attempted to prevail with her on that account: And during the whole time of my Acquaintance with her, which was above Eleven Years, her Life and Conversation was serious, innocent, sweet, and savoury; and she was very loving, diligent, tender-hearted, and kindly affectionate

concerning his Late Wife.

fectionate towards me, and our Children; and generally loving and tender towards all People, especially such as were in any Distress, Sickness, or Affliction, tho' never so poor; and the Lord blessed her Endeavours, as well in Advice, as Administration of Remedies, to several; so that they have acknowledged their Recoveries to have been thereby, through his Blessing: And what she did therein, was free. She was very careful, that nothing of Evil might get a place in her Children, or in any with whom she was concerned: And therefore good Advice and Admonition she frequently gave, which many received in Love and good Esteem of her. The Lord opened her Understanding, and enlarged her Capacity; in a great degree, upon several accounts; yet her Mind was not lifted up thereby, so as to glory in her Gifts or Parts; but, learning of Christ the Truth, to be *lowly in Heart*; she chose rather to appear little to Men. She was very constant and cordial to her Friends, and true in concealing of Secrets. She was often concerned to make Peace amongst them that were at Difference, and often prevailed therein. She was plain and free in speaking to the Faces of any, but abhorred to Reproach any in secret. Her Heart was inclined towards God, therefore she was Just in her Dealing, with all People, with whom she had to do. She was Convinced of the Way of Truth in her Youth, by the Light, or inward Appearance, of Christ in her Heart, which she loved; and therefore (she retaining her Integrity to the End of her time) a Crown of Endless Life and Glory, I believe, the Lord

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hath

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

hath bestowed upon her. She was very Noble in suffering Persecution for the Testimony of Truth, and in enduring hard Exercises, occasioned by my several Imprisonments for the same Cause, whilst she was my Wife. And through several Sickneses and Afflictions the Lord supported her, to persevere in Patience, Faithfulness, and Constancy to him. She was very punctual in performance of her Undertakings, and quick, discreet, and diligent in her Business; yet still she used to take a time for private Retirement in Evenings alone, (except I was with her) to wait upon, and feel after the Lord, in the Gift of his Light, Love, and Grace in her Heart; and to see that, with the Wise Virgins, she had Oyl in her Burning Lamp, that it might not go out; but that she might be ready to enter into the Marriage Chamber, whensoever the Lord, the Bridegroom of her Soul, came. She was also very diligent, in attending the Assemblies of the People of God, called *Quakers*, with them, to meet in the Name, Power, Light and Spirit of the Lord, to wait upon him, to be opened by him, and to receive Refreshment, Strength and Comfort from him, and to feel the Renewings of his Love and Goodness in her Soul. And that day-week next before her last Illness seized her (after a more than usual manner) she said to me, *That the feeling and enjoying of the sweet Eternal Love of God in her Heart, was more precious to her, than all other things that could be enjoyed, &c.* She was concerned in her Spirit, that many, with her, and all that are Faithful to God, might come to *taste and see how good the*
Lord

concerning his Late Wife.

Lord is; and upon that account, her Words, Writings, and Conversation, were acceptable, prevalent, and serviceable, to the Invitation, Convincement, Strengthening, and Incouragement of some to seek after the Lord, and his blessed Way and Truth, inwardly Revealed, and to be Revealed; wherein many have found great Satisfaction, and cause of Rejoycing. And that many more may receive Benefit by her Writings, I am desirous and concerned to Publish them, and refer all Sober Readers, in the Fear of God, to peruse them; not doubting, but such may receive Advantage thereby; tho' she was not free to commit them to Publick View in her Life-time, yet she had nothing against the Publishing thereof afterwards.

And now I shall give a brief Account of what I was, and am, a Witness of, concerning her last Illness; and some of the sweet, sensible, and precious Words, which she spake in the time thereof, being very sensible to the end; so that she spake no impertinent or unsensible word therein, that I know of, who constantly attended her.

Upon the Eighth Day of the Tenth Month, 1695. she was seized with violent Pain and Sicknes, which continued, sometimes more, and sometimes less: And one Morning, soon after, she said to me thus; *I have had such a Dream, as I have seldom had; it is an Emblem of my Life.* And then she told it me, thus; viz. *She dreamed, that she was going at the side of a pleasant broad River, and sometimes she came to Breaches; which, Brooks running into the River, or the like, had made*

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

upon the Shore of it ; which Breaches she passed over, but sometimes with difficulty, and then ran fast on still, till she came to another Breach ; and having passed several Breaches, some greater, and some lesser, at last she came to a Breach which was greater than any of the rest, and she said within her self, *How shall I get over this Breach ?* But yet she went on, and passed through it, and it was fair on the other side ; and she awaked. Now, as she looked upon this Dream to be an Emblem of her Life, so I cannot (nor could not, since she told it me) expound it otherwise, than thus ; viz. That the pleasant broad River, signified the Lord her Creator, (who is to his People *a place of broad Rivers*, *Isai. 31. 21.*) and the Shoar thereof, upon which she walked, signified Time ; and the Breaches, which she passed over, were the Difficulties and Afflictions which she passed through in her Time ; and the last and greatest Breach, which she came to, and passed over, signified her last Sicknes and Death. From which Dream (as a significant Parable) all may learn and consider, how fast they are hastning, or running, towards their last and greatest Breach ; even the Death, or Dissolution of their Earthly Tabernacles ; and none knoweth how near they are, to it. About Nine Days after her said Illness began, she said to me thus, viz. *I am well content, if the Lord see meet, that he take me away by this Distemper, rather than to be in this Pain ; for my Pain is great, and I know not what in this World I can desire, to stay to enjoy, exoept it be my Love, and my little Lads ;* meaning Me, and our two Children : Of whom she then said thus, *I would rather have my Children enriched with the*
Fear

concerning his Late Wife.

Fear of the Lord, than with all manner of Worldly Riches. About the same time, she said, *I am thinking of honest Richard Johnson, (who was a near Friend to us) that slept much of the time of his Illness, before his departure; methinks it seemeth like an easie Passage.* And soon after that, she began to be inclin'd to Sleepiness, and slept more and more, till the end; yet, at her awaking, was still sensible and chearful: And tho' she was daily weaker and weaker, yet she would still sit up five or six, or more, hours in the Evenings, and discourse freely and chearfully, till within five days of her departure. I often desired her to accept of the Advice of some Physitian, but she was still averse thereto, in this Illness, tho' in others she had complied. On the 20th day of her Illness, in the Evening, discoursing very freely (as formerly) she told me, *She was well satisfied, that if the Lord took her away by that Distemper, she should be Eternally Happy;* with many other sensible and comfortable Expressions: Tho' she was so weak, that the same Evening, about the eleventh hour, I thought she had been departing; but in a little time, recovering her Breath, she spoke chearfully, and slept. At her awaking, that night, I asked her, How she was? She answered, *Through Mercy, indifferent.* And after a little pause, she very sensibly said, *Amictum iri, vel Amiciendum esse;* which is in English, *To be Cloathed hereafter,* in two Expressions of it: Whereby I understood, that she was minding, how the Lord would Cloath her hereafter, when her Mortal Cloathing was put off. Then I desired her in English words, (for they that were present, understood

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

not Latin) that if she had any thing in her Mind, either concerning her Children, or any other thing, farther to communicate to me, that she would do it; but she (as if all outward things were then out of her Thoughts) quickly replied in Latin, saying, *Why speakest thou such things? Dost not thou understand me?* I answered in Latin, Yes, I very well understand thee, and that thou speakest of Spiritual Things: She answered, *Yes, but she had nothing, concerning Outward Things, farther to communicate to me.* The next Morning, about the ninth hour, I again thought she had been departing; but after a little time, somewhat recovering her Breath, and seeing me express, to Friends that were present, something of my Concern for her, she said to me, *Ne nimis sollicitus esto*; that is, in English, *Be not thou over-much careful, or troubled*; which Advice took impression in my Heart: And that was the last Latin Sentence that she spake, that I know of; and she never spake in Latin, in this Illness, that I remember, except when Company was present, that she would speak only to me: A little after, most of the Company being gone out, I asked her, How she was? She answered, *Drawing nearer and nearer.* And many sweet and loving Sentences she spake to me that day, and the day next after; but afterwards was scarcely able to answer to any Question, but continued mostly Sleeping, as it were, sweetly and quietly: And on the Third Day of the 11th Month, 1695. in the Evening, she departed, without any Noise, Sigh, or Groan.

And

concerning his Late Wife.

And so, though the Lord, who, in his Love, joyned us together, and gave us for Blessings to each other, and blessed us with the abundant Increase of his Love in our Hearts, even to the end of her Time, hath seen meet to take from me her Company, which I valued above all other Temporal Enjoyments; the Loss whereof is great to me: Yet being satisfied, that she is entred into Rest, in the Bosom of God's Love, with him, to live in Peace and Happiness for ever; and also, being clear, in that, through his Assistance, according to the Understanding given me, I have endeavoured fully to discharge my Duty of endeared Love to her, in every respect, in her last (as well as former) Exercises; therefore I am, in the Love of God, comforted, and can cheerfully and freely say, The Lord's Will is worthy to be done in all things, and his Name to be Blessed, Praised and Magnified; over all, for ever,

By *Henry Mollineux.*

A few Words more, in Remembrance of
my dear Wife, M. M.

THo' it may seem to some that read my Lines
As a delightful thing, because their Minds
Still their Enjoyments have; yet they must know
No lasting Joys remain in things below.
The Sythe of Time, Death, parteth Friend from Friend,
But to true Friendship cannot put an end;
Though Friends surviving Exercise may find,
Whose Friend's remov'd, whilst they remain behind.
My Friend, my Friend, my dearest Friend, my Wife,
The greatest Joy and Comfort of my Life,
In Visibles, is now remov'd from me:
Though, as one destitute of Hope, I see
No cause to Mourn for her; but sure I may
Be, for my Loss, concern'd: Yet this can say,
The Lord hath giv'n, the Lord hath took again, }
High Praises still be to his Glorious Name, }
Though mine's the Loss, hers is the Endless Gain. }
Although to me my Loss to bear is hard,
Yet am I from Repining quite debarr'd;
The Lord doth with his Goodness so supply,
My Soul shall ever Praise him, till I die.
Bless'd be the Day, wherein my Love abounded,
At first to her, and Friendship firm was Founded
In our United Hearts; my Faithful Friend!
Friendship 'twixt thee and me shall never end.
She was my Wife for full Ten Years, (alas,
Short time!) which we in tender Love did pass
Endearingly, which in our Hearts was sow'n,
Some time before, by the Eternal One;

Which,

concerning his Late Wife.

Which, living in our Bosoms, did increase,
Until the time of her deplor'd decease,
And now's as fresh as ever. Surely she,
Who wrote of Friendship, Love's extream degree,
(Although with Life, her Pen was much sublim'd,
Yet) did not, as her Bosom held it, find
Words, half sufficient, fully to declare
The Faithful Love she to her Friend did bear.
True, Tender-hearted, in Affection kind,
Exceeding diligent, and much inclin'd
All for to serve in Love; but much more me,
To whom she had comply'd my Wife to be.
She to the Age of Thirty-Four Years stay'd
A Modest, Chaste, Reserv'd, Ingenious Maid;
Who did not only write of Modesty,
(In Words profound) and spotless Chastity,
But in Example was, as well as Words,
A Pattern in the same: Wherein accords
Her Life, Works, Writings, Words, true, lovely, sweet,
Which in concinnate Harmony did meet.
And as she wrote of Worship, Truth, and Zeal,
With Courage bold for God, she did not fail;
Being by his Arm upheld, when deeply prov'd,
To stand a Faithful Witness: For she lov'd
The Praise of God, more than the Praise of Men;
Therefore was more to him, seem'd less to them
That did not choose his Fear: Wherein she found
Wisdom to stop their Mouths, their Wits confound;
Though of the chief in Babel's Learning, they
Stood as amaz'd, and knew not what to say.
A Bishop of two Counties Diocess
Her Question'd, she Reply'd, he proved this:
His Chaplain then (the Master's Cause to mend)
Attempting to Dispute, was foyl'd i'th' end;
Whose.

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

Whose Brother (being Lawyer) present cry'd,
 Her Learning made her mad; when she reply'd,
 He, as aſham'd, and Speechleſs, turn'd aſide.
 Thus Three great Learned Men, of ſubtil Wit,
 (To Silence put) did in One Hour ſubmit
 T'a little Woman, crown'd with Wiſdom's Bays,
 Who, in God's Fear, did celebrate his Praise;
 Declaring boldly 'gainſt that Worſhip, which
 God ne'er ſet up, that makes its Merchants Rich.
 She lov'd the precious Truth, (plac'd in her Heart)
 For which ſhe was Imprison'd; but the ſmart
 Its Adverſaries felt: For Joy to her
 Thereby accru'd, who did its Cauſe prefer
 Before all Transitories. And, when I
 Was Priſoner for the ſame, it was my Joy,
 That ſhe great Exerciſe did nobly bear,
 Therein rejoycing in God's Holy Fear:
 Though for her ſake, Grief pierc'd oft my Mind,
 Where I the ſenſe did of her Suffering find,
 So deep, that from mine Eyes my Sleep withdrew,
 And ſecret Tears did frequently purſue:
 Yea, without Outward Notice, once was I,
 When ſhe was, by Diſtemper, like to die,
 Made ſenſible thereof, though in the Goal,
 Diſtant near Forty Miles, and did Condole;
 And for her to the Lord I pray'd, whoſe Ear
 Was open, and through Priſon-Walls did hear:
 And he releas'd her from her Malady,
 And me from Priſon, her again to ſee;
 Though then Confin'd, as firm as Men could tie;
 Praises be to God's Name Eternally.
 She ſweetly wrote of Charity Divine,
 Which in her Heart and Life did clearly ſhine

More

concerning his Late Wife.

More bright, than in her Words; which did extend,
In her, to Poor and Rich, to Foe and Friend:
To all in plainness she, with due respect,
Would freely shew her Sense; but to reflect
'Gainst any, being absent, did eschew;
Charity taught her better things to do.
To any, in Affliction, she was free
Advice to give, or help with Remedy,
Where her Endeavours could; which God did bless,
Remarkably, with the desir'd success:
Yea, sometimes, when Physicians had been try'd,
Much Money paid, and still the Cure deny'd
To their Performance, she in freeness gave
What, from Distempers dreadful, prov'd to save.
But Charity in her did farther move
Her tender Heart, in Sympathizing Love,
To use her Tongue or Pen, a Word to give
To Minds in Exercise; which did Relieve,
Convince, or Satisfie, and Strengthen some,
The Race of Vertue in their time to run:
For which, some have good Cause to bless the Name
Of God, from whom those Words with Vertue came.

This is not writ to Magnifie her Praise,
The Praise belongs to God, who first did raise
Her Mind, from things below, to seek his Truth,
Hid in her Heart, in time of tender Youth;
Which, truly sought, she found, and prized more
Than Ophir's Gold, or Pearls of Indian-Shoar.
This taught her to discern the Way of God,
From Ways of Men; this made her love his Rod:
This gave her knowledge of her Duty right
Unto the Lord; this gave her also sight
Into the Properties of needful things,
Of many kinds, that Mortals comfort brings:

This

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

*This gave her, in her tender Tears, to see
The frail Estate of poor Mortality;
The Sense whereof she daily did retain,
Striving, with earnest diligence, to gain
The precious Pearl of Immortality,
As if she knew how short her Time should be;
In hope of which, when painful Death assail'd
Her Mortal Part, her Courage never fail'd;
But did (with Sense as sound as ever) shew
Her true Content, and Satisfaction too,
To leave this World, of true Felicity,
To be possess'd to all Eternity.*

*O may, with me, her Off-spring still remain
In God's pure Fear, Eternal Life to gain:
Then, this short time once past, we may in Peace,
Live with the Just, where Joys shall never cease;
Where we, with her, may Living Praises sing
For ever, to the Lord, the Heavenly King.*

Henry Mollineux.

The following Relation, touching some Discourse that (upon occasion) she had with Doctor Stratford (so called) Bishop of the Diocess of Cheshire and Lancashire, &c.

Given forth and Attested by my Kinsman Henry Mollineux, who was there present, viz.

UPon the Eighteenth Day of the Twelfth Month, 1690. I and another Neighbour were taken Prisoners, and brought to Lancaster-Gaol, upon a Writ *De Excomm. Capiend.* for not appearing at the Bishop's Court in Chester; tho' willing to appear, but had no Citation shewed us, nor Lawful Notice given: Of which Proceedings (it being witnessed under the hands of several, who were present when such Notice was pretended to be given) she acquainted the said Bishop, he-being at Ormskirk, near our Dwelling, in the Sixth Month 1691. and it was so evidently manifested to him, that he seemed satisfied of the Truth thereof, and said, *They who should have given the Notice, were to be blamed, &c.* And moderately Discoursing with her, he said, *If she would come to his Dwelling-House in Wigan, within Two or Three Weeks, when he had Conferred with his Chancellor, if he could find out any way to do it, he would do any kindness therein, that lay in his Power, for her.* Now that which she desired was, that the Prisoners might be admitted in his Court, to put in their Appearance; for want of which they were Imprisoned. So, upon his Advice, on the 24th Day of the Sixth Month,

A Relation of a Discourse. &c.

Month, 1691. she went to the Bishop's House in *Wigan*, to receive his Answer; where he again Discoursed with her, and seemed willing that the Prisoners might be admitted to put in their Appearance; but his Chancellor's Deputy there concluded, that they could not be so admitted. Then the Bishop asked her, *Why they would not pay the Church-leys*, (for that was the cause for which we were Prosecuted) she answered, *They could not pay them for Conscience-sake*: He required her to shew him some Scripture for it; then she asked him to shew her any Precept or Example in the Scriptures, that the *Jews*, or any of the People of God, ever offered to Compel any other People to pay towards the upholding of their Worship, or Worship-Houses, or Temples? The Bishop replied, *Tho' he could not do that, yet what Scripture have you for it* (said he) *that you cannot pay to ours for Conscience-sake*? She answering, said, I will offer thee Scripture for it, and it is this: It is said in the Scriptures, *Come out from among them, (my People) and be ye separate, saith the Lord, touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you*, (2 Cor. 6. 17, 18. Rev. 18. 4.) Now (said she) if we had believed, that you, in your Worship, had been right, we had not come out from amongst you; but because we believed, and were convinced, that it was not right, and therefore are come out from amongst you, we dare not for Conscience-sake touch with you; but if we should pay towards your Worship, or Worship-Houses, we should both touch and uphold. To which Answer, the Bishop made no Reply; but he said to his Chancellor's Deputy,

I pray

A Relation of a Discourse, &c.

I pray you, Mr. Prescot, if you can find out any way, that they may put in their Appearance, that they may have their Liberty, let it be done; and do what kindness you can for them: And so he went his way. The Bishop could give no Scripture, in Answer to her Question; but she Answered his Question with Scripture, so that he made no Reply: And she, to his Face, bore a faithful Testimony against their Worship, which is prescribed by Men; which Testimony the Bishop did not contradict. And there being then present, one *Entwistle*, the Bishop's Chaplain, so called, and his Brother *Entwistle*, a Lawyer; and another Priest, and the Bishop's Daughter, when the Bishop was gone; and she and her Kinsman were come out of the House, and were going away, they all Four followed; and the said Chaplain, or Priest *Entwistle*, began, and engaged with her in a Dispute concerning Religion; and in about half an hour, or less, he was so taken and confounded in his own Arguments, that his Mouth was stopped; which his Brother, the Lawyer, seeing, as it were to excuse him, said to him, *I wonder you should trouble your self to Discourse with that Woman! she hath so much Learning, it makes her mad.* To which she said, What! do you (Letter-learned) now begin to vilifie Learning, by which you have your Honours and Preferments? Then the Lawyer, not speaking any other word, went away, and she left them.

Declared and Testified by my Kinsman,

Henry Mollineux.

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

So the Bishop, and his Chaplain, and the Chaplain's Brother, a Lawyer, were all put to Silence, by the Wisdom wherewith the Lord endued her, to speak in Defence of the Cause of his Truth: Praises be to God for ever.

After this, we being out of Prison, and understanding that the Parish-Priest was endeavouring to get us into it again (and so we were again Imprisoned) she spoke these words, which I then wrote, viz.

*Esuriens agnis quantum concedet in agris
Ipse lupus, vobis jam dabit iste miser;
Crudelisq; rapax, cupidus, sine jure, Sacerdos
Nummos, non animas, curat, egetq; cupit.*

Which bears the Signification following, viz.

*Even what the hungry Wolf in Field would do
To Feeding Lambs, so will the Wretch to you:
The cruel Priest, fierce, covetous, unjust,
For Money, not for Souls, doth cark and lust.*

And so, in getting us into Prison again, the Priest obtained his Point; but he missed of his Prey, and never got it.

Many were the Loving, Sweet, and Sensible Epistles, that she sent to me, when in Prison; ever shewing her free Resignation to the Will of the Lord, in all her Exercises, which then were great; and with much Cheerfulness and Patience she went through them. And since her Decease, I found these following Lines, which she had written: viz.

The

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

Tho' some on furious Waves be often toss'd,
And by the Stormy Winds oppos'd and cross'd,
And watch'd by Roving Pirates; surely they
Are kept by one whom Winds and Waves obey:
Tho' sometimes Exercis'd, thereby to learn
Who guards and sits as Pilot at the Stern,
And with his Arm of Power doth interpose
Betwixt his Children and their wond'ring Foes:
O who would not love, honour, and depend
On such a Potent, such a Constant Friend!

So she depended upon the Lord, and he preserved her.

In a Letter, dated The 9th of the 12th Month, 1691. she sent to me in Prison, these Lines, viz.

(1)

*Qui nocent Sanctis, Dominus locutus,
Hi sui tangunt Oculi Pupillam,
Sentient iram, quoque reddet istis*

Pramia dira!

(2)

*Si Deo credis filioque Christo,
Quisquis es vir desipiensque rudis!
Cautus es nè tu Domino repugnas*

Cordeque pugnis.

(3)

*Stultus at dixit sibi corde, nullus
Est Deus; spernens igitur doceri
Sapè protervus ruit in-ruinam*

Absque timore.

M. M.

She signified her haste in the writing of these,
because the Bearer stay'd for the Letter; and
that

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

that she had not made any of such quantities for above Twenty Years before. They bear the Signification following, viz.

(1)

The Lord, of them that hurt his Saints, doth say,
They touch the Apple of his Eye; and they
Shall feel his Anger; he will them requite
With Dreadful Plagues, in Death's Eternal Night.

(2)

If thou believest God, and Christ his Son,
Who e'er thou art, thou rude and foolish Man,
Beware, lest thou the Lord of Heaven resist,
And fight against him both with Heart and Fist.

(3)

But in his Heart the foolish Man hath said,
There is no God; and therefore not dismay'd
To slight his Teachings: He, in froward Wrath,
Runs fearless on in Ruin's Dreadful Path.

Englified by H. M.

About a Week before her last Illness seized her, she desired me, being writing, to write these two Lines, viz.

*Non querit laudem Virtus, sibi debita vera est
Gloria, quam frendens nequit hinc depellere livor.*

Which I Translate thus, viz.

*Virtue seeks not for Praise of Men, true Glory is its due,
Which fretting Envy never can dispel from Virtue true.*

H. M.

TO

TO THE
READER.

THE Author of this Miscellaneous Grove,
Was Fruitful both in Vertue and in Love:
Read but the following Lines, and thou may'st find,
She was the Mistress of a Noble Mind;
A Soul, of more than common size, possess'd
Her almost (I had said) too narrow Breast.
True to her Friend, as plainly doth appear,
In dealing plainly with her Friend so dear:
She us'd no Gilded Baits, no Flattery,
No feigned Words, but plain Sincerity;
Which doth bespeak her Love, and Vertue too,
Contended one the other to out-do.
In Numbers sweet, her warbling Pen hath try'd
Unerring Truth from Error to divide:
Her Lines, thus measur'd, have successful been,
To turn the wand'ring Mind to search within;
Where that Invaluable Treasure lies,
Unsought by most, discover'd to the Wise;
But yet conceal'd and hid from Vult'rous Eyes.
'Tis not the common way, I must confess,
To write in Verse; although 'tis ne'ertheless

To the READER.

To be esteem'd ; because some do disdain,
And undervalue what they can't attain :
I'd have such unadvised ones to know,
Their Genius perches on a lower Bough,
For want of Wings their untun'd Souls to raise
Unto a Pitch of Harmony and Praise.
Oft have I seen the Lark upon the Wing,
Toward the Sun ascend, and sweetly Sing ;
As if she had a Tribute due to pay
Unto the mighty Ruler of the Day,
In well-composed Songs of tuneful Breath,
Such as the Swan repeats before her Death.
Thus was' our Author's Noble Faculty
Employ'd, to render thanks, in Melody,
To Him, from whom she did her Life receive ;
To Him, who never sparingly doth give
To them that, to his Praise, his Gifts do use,
And with his Blessings don't the World abuse.
'Tis such as these unto the Well can sing,
That bubbles up from the Eternal Spring ;
And these alone, that to themselves secure (sure
A place, where Waters fail not, and where Bread is
I'th' Praise of noble Verse, much I might say,
Which, tho' by some abus'd, its Value don't allay.
A Pearl will not the less a Crown adorn,
'Cause by a filthy Swine it hath been worn,
And trampled under Foot ; th' intrinsick Price
Will still appear unto the truly Wise.

We read in Sacred Writ of some that wore,
The Jewels of the Lord, and play'd the Whore:

We

To the READER.

We also read, how *David*, with his Liré,
Could still *Saul's* Rage, and sooth his secret Fire,
That did his *Breast* inflame, and Heavenly
Thoughts inspire;

How with his Verse, he could his Mind compose,
And lull his Passions to a soft Repose.

His *Psalms* are full of Hymns and Songs of Praise,
Prophetick Mystick Flights, in heavenly Lays;
Which may suffice to let the Reader know,
He was a Poet, and a Prophet too.

The wisest Prince that ever fill'd a Throne,
Or sway'd a Scepter in the World, was one,
Who of divine and heavenly Love has sang
A Song, which from th' Harmonious Being sprang.
Therefore, kind Reader, don't pre-judge, but try,
And then, no doubt, but in this Harmony,
Thou'lt, to thy Comfort, Satisfaction find,
When Discomposure doth possess thy Mind.

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Fruits of Retirement:

O R,

Epistles in Prose.

An Epistle to her Kinswoman F.R.

Dear Friend and Cousin,

IN the Unfeigned Love, my Heart is concerned for thee, really desiring thy Temporal and Eternal Welfare: I should be glad indeed to be made Instrumental for thy Satisfaction; in Doubts or Scruples; but, alas, Words or Arguments cannot (without the Powerful Influence of the Living Eternal Word in thy own Heart) resolve or disannul the Consultations and Reasonings of this kind, that may inwardly arise, or be by others suggested, unto thee: Yet this is in my Mind to signifie, touching the word [*Thou*] that, besides the Propriety thereof, it's the Phrase and Language used in Scripture, by some owned for a Rule; and 'tis mostly a slavish Fear of Men, that in the Hearts of those that would shun the Cross, deters from the Use of it. Yet I desire not to invite thee to a bare Formality, &c. for until thou art Convinced in thy own Mind, that

D

the

the *Day of small Things* is not to be despised, and knowest that Power and Love which capacitates and enables to undergo Trials; which are indeed but momentary, in comparison of the exceeding *Weight of Glory*, that unto the Faithful is and shall be Revealed, it signifies little: But it's written, *He that will be my Disciple, must take up the Cross, &c.*

As for the Names of Days or Months, as now used, they are contrary to Scripture, where it's written, the *First* and *Second*, &c. as in *John 20. 1, 19.* and in *Zephaniah 3. 9.* there's a Promise, *I will turn the People to a pure Language, &c. I will take away the names of Baalim out of her Mouth,* *Hos. 2. 17.*

Now concerning outward Sacraments, as thou termest them; they indeed are outward only, and Shadows; but the Substance being come, they flee away. Neither can outward Water purifie the Conscience, nor outward Bread nourish the Immortal Soul. And tho' in the Infancy of some, such things were in Condescension permitted, as also Circumcision; yet the Baptism of Christ, which was then said to Exceed *John's*, was with the Holy Ghost, and with Fire, which quickens and purifies the Heart, Soul, and Body (which *Paul* preferred before *Touching, Tasting, and Handling*, all which perish with using, after the Doctrines of Men, &c.) Christ the Substance of all Shadows, is now by many Witnessed to be come, to Nourish the Inward Man; whereof the Lord alone, in his tender Love, can make thee truly Sensible, as thou abidest Faithful to what is already Revealed

even

even in the true Fear, the Fountain of Wisdom, the Chiefest Treasure, which the Thief can never break through to steal.

Know farther, (dear Cousin) That the Secrets of the Lord are with them that Fear him; and, He that's Faithful in a little, shall be made Ruler over much: Of which Gracious Priviledge, that thou may'st become a Living Witnes, is the Hearty Desire of

Thy Faithful Friend and Cousin.

Warrington, the 2d of the
10th Month, 1678.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Lord can and will preserve those that Love and Depend upon him, and Love the Light, bringing their Deeds to it, that they may be made manifest; as it is written, Eph. 5. 13. *Whatsoever makes manifest is Light*, and that within Revealed, even in the Heart. And as one of our own Sex hath notably said or writ, several Years since:

He that commands Himself is more a Prince,

Than he that Nations keeps in Awe;

Who yield to that which doth their Souls Convince,

Shall never need another Law.

Another Epistle to F. R.

Dearly Beloved Cousin,

Distance of Place cannot easily Cancel the Characters of true Friendship from Solid Minds; especially where the true Marks of Christ's Disciples are manifest (viz) Love, which is indeed the fulfilling of the Royal Law; for it beareth all things, thinks no Evil, and seeketh not its own, but others Good: In this therefore is the true Perfection, which I desire we may daily more and more press after, and travel for: I am

Thy Truly Loving Cousin.

Another Epistle to F. R.

Well-Beloved Friend and Cousin,

I Have received two Letters from thee, the first of which doth signifie thy going to a Meeting, where thou heard'st *M. Werrel*, &c. whereof I was very glad, desiring the Effect thereof may not easily be raced out of Mind. I do dearly desire thee, not to prolong thy Servitude in Egypt's Land, the Land of Darkneſs: For I may tell thee with Grief, Many have suffered Loss by consulting with Flesh and Blood, and a Glorious Day hath passed over their Heads. O who knows what Instruments the Lord is preparing

Epistles in Prose

paring for himself! Let us wait to be made Vessels of Honour for his Heavenly House, wherein the Righteous shall dwell in Everlasting Peace, and Joy unutterable, and full of Glory, in the Presence of the Immaculate Lamb, who Reigns in the holy City, and is alone worthy to Reign for ever, and evermore, *Amen.*

Ah! it's now no time to delay, but flee from *Babylon*, to the Rock of Ages, even to Mount *Zion*, the Refuge of *Israel*, the safe Hiding-place. Where, that we may together know an Eternal Habitation, is the hearty Desire of

1678.

Thy true Friend and Consin.

Another Epistle to F. R.

Dear Consin,

IN that Unfeigned Love, that thinks no Evil, do I dearly Salute thee; hoping thou, in that, wilt excuse my omission of writing all this time, when thou considerest the Cause, which I suppose ere this, thou art informed of, *viz.* Some Hurryings of us before Magistrates, for being at an Evening Meeting; who, having required Bonds for Appearance at Sessions, we not being willing to enter into Bonds, tho' we promised to appear, were many of us committed to be sent to *Lancaster*; we came to the *Castle* betimes the Third Day of our setting out, which was the last Sixth Day, not being wearied so much as sometimes in going to our Monthly Meeting: Blessed be the Name of the Lord, who preserved *Israel's* Feet

from Swelling in their Travels of old. His Arm of Power is the very same as ever; and we can say, Our Confinement is not grievous to us: For these strong Walls cannot seclude us from our best Beloved, who is our exceeding great Reward. For his Presence is near, and his tender Care over us continually, beyond expectation, making our Trials easie. This Day we had a very sweet Meeting, a good Friend being come to visit us; and we daily find our selves engaged to bear with Patience (if I may so say, being not proved above the Power granted us) those things which are for Trials to us. Therefore, *dear Friend*, be encouraged; for, that the Wrath of Man shall turn to the Praise of the Lord, and the remainder be surely restrained; is the Hope and Confidence of

Thy True Friend.

Lancaster-Castle, the 31st of
the 5th Month, 1684.

Another Epistle to F. R.

Dear Friend,

CAN any, but a Second Self, judge how welcome thy kind Epistle was to Confined Friends? Or can such an one ignore the grateful Reception thereof? Surely nay. And tho' thou seemest Concerned (and I believe art so indeed) for these our Exercises, yet do I really desire thou may'st rather Sympathize with me, in that Solace, and true Satisfaction of Mind, which in
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great measure abolisheth the small Trouble of Confinement, especially to single Persons; for 'tis probably more to those that have the Charge of Families. And tho' sometimes other Friends Prisoners in the *Castle*, in other Rooms, keeps the Key of ours, and other times the Under-Jaylor, it's all one to those that know *Israel's* King and Keeper to be our Guard; whose universal Love and Spirit penetrates the proudest Walls; And we can truly say, We lay us down, and sleep in Safety; for the Lord sustains us, and watcheth over us; He is our Rock, and strong Tower, and he restrains the Wrath of Men, as he pleaseth. But if he permits us to be proved yet more, his Blessed Will be done; He is All-sufficient to support, as well as ever: Let nothing discourage thee from following him, who is Wise to prove whom he Loves.

I was never Prisoner before this time, nor never better contented to be one; and the Lord hath preserved me until a suitable season, blessed be his Name for ever.

As to what Act, whereby they proceed against us, I value not, they are all alike to me; it's in vain to wage War with them with their own Weapons: But the Indictment read at the *Quarter Sessions*, was, for *Riotous, Rantous, and Tumultuous Assembling*, &c. but how they'll proceed, I know not. Yet that both we and thou may know a Will and Mind freely Resigned to the Eternal Wisdom in all things, is the Secret Breathings of

Thy Cheerful and Constant Friend.

Lancaster-Castle, the 10th of
the 6th Month, 1684.

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The

Another Epistle to F. R.

Dear Cousin,

I Have received thy Redoubled Tokens of Friendship, whereby my Pen is hastened to Paper; sooner than otherwise designed; tho' not without a secret Sympathy with thee in the Exercises both Inward, and Outward, that attend, both from the Miscarriages of some, and other near Concerns. But we may not be ignorant, that the Entrance into the Kingdom is *through many Tribulations*: And the Power is as sufficient to preserve as ever; or else what would become of us every day? Ah! Let's never forget to lean to it; for *Israel's King* was well pleased with one that leaned on him of old, so that he was noted to be the Disciple whom Jesus Loved: O Love Incomprehensible! Who can enough admire thee?

Dear Friend, Wait low to feel the Influence thereof every opportunity, that so the Life may be known to capacitate our Engaged Souls to return all the Praise, Honour and Glory unto Him, to whom alone it doth belong.

This from thy true Friend and Cousin.

Fruits

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Fruits of Retirement:

O R,

Miscellaneous Poems

Moral and Divine.

Of the Fall of Man.

THE Holy One did, by his Word, Create
 Man in a blessed Innocent Estate;
 Gave him a Righteous Law, whereby he might
 Live in Eternal, Pure, Unstain'd Delight.
 But th' Serpent, the most Subtil Beast i'th' Field,
 Soon with a Lye our Grandmother beguil'd,
 Through a vain Hope; and to Iniquity
 Enslav'd poor Man, breaking the Unity
 Betwixt him and his Maker; leading him
 Fondly to seek a Satisfaction in
 Self-hood, and Transitory Things, below
 The Chiefest Good: Whereby Man came to know
 Sad Disappointments; whence he could not be,
 By pow'r in Self, e'er ransom'd or set free.
 But, ah, the Bowels of Eternal Love
 Did then, with Pity and Compassion, move
 Towards

10 **Fruits of Retirement ; Or,**
Towards his Creature, that he Promised,
The Woman's Seed should bruise the Serpent's Head :
And, in the time appointed, freely gave
His Darling Son a Sacrifice, to save
Perishing Mankind from that dreadful State,
Which was so miserable desperate ;
So that believing in the Heavenly Pow'r,
He comes to know his Lord and Saviour,
Redeeming him from Sin unto Salvation,
And to Eternal Reconciliation.

Written 1663.

Of a Sinful State.

MY Sins are Numberless, more than the Hair
Upon my Head; yea, more than I can bear.
O how my Soul doth languish in Distress,
Because polluted with Unrighteousness !
Ah, how my wretched Heart hath often been
Ensnar'd with Folly, and enticing Sin !
Sin, seeming pleasant, subtilly betrays
Poor doting Mortals; but its cursed Ways
Leads to Death's Chambers, and like Poyson sweet,
Lulls on the Soul into a lasting Sleep.
Lord, Rouze me from such Slumbers that arise,
That I may this deformed Sin despise,
And quite forsake all Earthly Vanities,
Which me into Temptation thus hath brought,
That I (instead of Wisdom) Folly sought.
O that I were at Peace with thee, and could
Truly Lament my Sins, so manifold !

My

My Sins, which will, except thou grant Relief,
O'erwhelm me with Intolerable Grief.
Awake, awake, my Soul, do not remain
In Slothfulness and Sin; but turn again
To him that made thee: Do not still transgress
His Holy Law; but, whilst he calls thee, cease
From Evil, learn his Precepts, follow Him,
Who freely gave his Life thee to Redeem
From this vain World, from Sin and Slavery,
That brings to Endless Wo and Misery:
He bought thee dear, with his most precious Blood,
Shed on the Cross for thine and others good.
But, ah, how oft have I despis'd true Joys,
And plac'd my Heart on Transitory Toys?
How oft did I the Glorious Pearl refuse,
Vile Empty Husks, that nourish not, to choose?
Look down upon me, and Commiserate,
Most Gracious Lord, my Lamentable State;
And tenderly lead thou me back again
Into the Land of Promise, whence I came
Into this Land of Darkness; where, alas,
I thus was brought to Bondage and Distress:
For, ah, thou King of Kings, if thou reject me,
Phar'oh's pursuing Host would soon afflict me;
And if thou help me not in this Distress,
Then should I perish in the Wilderness.
In what Egyptian-Red-Sea straits am I?
Whither, or to what Refuge, shall I fly,
But unto thee? In whom alone I must
Repose my Confidence, and chiefest Trust.
Renew my Strength (dear Lord) that so I may
O'ercome my great Temptations day by day;
And so support my Soul, that I may bear
The World's Revilings with a thankful Ear;
And

Fruits of Retirement: Or,

And that I truly may in thee Rejoyce,
Great Spring of Life and Light, in Heart and Voice,
 Confessing thee, the only Saviour,
 Who sav'st thy People from the Dragon's Pow'r,
 And with thy Blood dost wash and purifie
 Our Souls from all Sin and Iniquity:
 Who art indeed the good *Samaritan*,
 That cast an Eye of Pity on us, when
 The *Priest* pass'd by, and *Levite* turn'd aside,
 And (as it were) Relief and Help deny'd:
 But thou hadst Wine and Oyl to Purify,
 Supple and Heal our grievous Malady.
 Thou, thou alone, the true Physitian, art
 The Consolation of a Contrite Heart:
 Oh say, Be whole; say likewise, Sin no more,
 Lest worse Afflictions happen than before:
 Say also, if it please thee, Gracious Lord,
 (Who what thou wilt, Effectest by thy Word)
 Thy Sin's forgiven, thy Iniquity
 Is cover'd; and beget true Faith in me,
 That I may Praise thy Name Eternally.

1664.

On God's Love.

THE King of Kings, the Great Eternal One,
 Sent from his Bosom his Beloved Son,
 Lost Man to seek, and to Restore ag'in,
 From the most vile Captivity of Sin;
 Who for our sakes his Father's Throne forsook,
 And, as a Servant, freely on him took

The

The Form of Man, and among Mortals came;
Yea, meekly bore the Cross, despis'd the Shame;
Walking on Earth amongst his Chosen Ones,
The *Isra'lites*, beloved *Jacob's* Sons.

But they, Rebelling in disdainful Pride,
Their King, their Saviour, disown'd, deny'd;
Because he did not, to the Sensual Eye,
Unveil his Glory, and his Majesty.

The Raies that did around his Temples shine,
His Mein, his Speech, bespoke him all Divine.
Yet this vain Off-spring did him still deny,
Accuse, condemn, degrade, and crucify;
Who patiently Resign'd his Life, his Breath,
And, thro' his *Lamb-like* Sufferings, conquer'd Death.

Thus they, with wicked Hands, did Crucify
The Spotless Lamb, descended from on High:
Yet Him they could not long i'th' Grave detain,
But with great Glory he arose again;
Astonishing the Watchmen at the Tomb,
He, to their great Amazement, forth did come:
Which, when they to the Rulers did declare,
They charg'd them not to noise it in the Ear
Of the *Plebean* Multitude; but say,
That his Disciples stole him thence away,
While they slept, in the Silence of the Night.
Thus seeking, by Deceit, to hide the Light
That then was dawning, to Confound its Foes;
But for a Leader, and a Guide, to those,
That meekly waited for its Consolation;
They have entail'd a Curse upon their Nation.

But *Isr'el's* Glory's surely broken forth,
Light to the *Gentiles*, shining in the North;
As by that holy Prophet was foretold,
That in the *latter Days* th'Almighty would

Call

Call and bring forth a Seed out of the North,
 A (then) despised Corner of the Earth.
 Should we not now, in Lowliness of Mind,
 And true Contriteness, wholly be Resign'd
 Unto his Will in all things, who hath thus
 Extended his Engaging Love to us,
 And tasted Death for us? Alas, who can
 Enough admire his Boundless Love to Man!

1665.

Of This Age.

O How doth *England* now polluted lye,
 And deeply plunged in Iniquity!
 Are not her People brutish, and so vain,
 That ev'n as great Motives to complain
 And mourn for her, as for that City was,
 (Through whose sad Streets our Saviour did pass
 Bearing his Cross) may now be found? For they
 As did the *Jews*, condemn the Blessed Day
 Of Visitation; hate the Heav'nly Light,
 That shines in Darkness; daily do despight
 Unto the only Author of all Good;
 And trample under Foot the precious Blood
 Of Holy Jesus, by the Father Sent
 A Just High Priest, a Blessed Covenant,
 Unto the People: Him do they despise,
 And on their Beds do Wickedness devise
 Against the Just and Innocent; for they,
 That Live Uprightly, make themselves a Prey.
 Alas, both Priests and People now are bent,
 With one accord, God's Heritage to rent:

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But he observes them, and the Day draws near,
Wherein he'll surely meet them, as a Bear
Bereaved of her Whelps; and then he'll take
Vengeance, for his Afflicted *Isr'el's* sake.
And though the *Priests* Peace unto many cry,
They know not Peace; but such as do deny
To feed them with the Fat, they Rent and Tare,
Like those of old; yea, Cruel War prepare
Against them. Thus, for all their Learning, they
Know not the Scripture-Record, (which doth say,
Touch ye not mine Anointed, neither harm
My Prophets; for I'll guard them with the Arm
Of my Salvation) Nor the Bow'r of God,
That will Chastize, as with an Iron Rod,
The Proud Rebellious Ones; who shall be known
To be but Hirelings, whom he will not own.
These are they that for Gain do prophesie
Devices of their Brain, and speak a Lye
To People; yet dare say, *Thus saith the Lord*;
When-as they do not rightly know his Word,
That's as a Fire and Hammer, to Destroy,
Consume, and Batter down Iniquity.
People, observing Priests to count their Gain
Their Godliness, rush into all Prophane
Abominations and Impurity;
Counting Religion a meer Policy
To over-awe dull Souls, whilst some enjoy
All the Delights wherewith Earth can supply
Their Soaring Fancies. Thus, alas, they run
The Road to Ruine, swift to be undone:
If Heav'n prevent not with a Gracious Hand,
They'll soon draw down sad Judgments on the
(Land.

On the Fruitless Fig-Tree.

THE Fig-Tree, tho' it flourish'd, did afford
 No Fruit, as was expected by the Lord;
 Therefore 'twas Curs'd, did wither and decay,
 No Fruit producing from that very day.
 But unto Mankind, O most Gracious Lord!
 Great are the Mercies which thou dost afford;
 Tho' slothfully they hide, sometimes deny,
 The Talents given by thy Majesty:
 Thou dost not in thine Indignation thus
 Pass so severe a Sentence upon Us;
 Although we, of our selves, so Barren be,
 And oft more Fruitless than that Blooming Tree,
 Thou prun'st us, and with sweet refreshing Show'rs
 Art pleas'd oft to renew our weakned Pow'rs:
 Yea, long thou spar'st us; and at length, who proves
 Fruitful, thou cherishest, and freely loves.
 But if thy great Forbearance, Lord, should be
 As 'twere frustrated by a Fruitless Tree,
 Thou justly may'st the Vine-dresser require
 To cut it down, and cast it into th' Fire:
 Though there was frequent Intercession made,
 As when the Dressers of the Vineyard said,
Lord, let us try it yet another Year,
And then, if any Fruit thereon appear,
'Tis well Forbearance hath thereto been shewn;
If otherwise, 'tis time to cut it down.
 When thus the Lord hath long time Fruit expected
 From Men, and yet is carelessly rejected;

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1666

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Though waiting still, he pleas'd to condescend
Line upon Line, with Patience, to extend;
And Precept upon Precept, did dispence;
And likewise promis'd a sure Recompence
Of Durable Reward, Eternal Joy,
To those that, ceasing from Iniquity,
Would unto his most Sacred Will resign
Themselves, and All: Then would he with Divine
Sweet Heav'nly Show'rs bedew, and always bless
Them, that they might be Trees of Righteousness.
But if such should resist, they'll come to be
Like Heath i'th' Desert, or the Fruitless Tree:
And if against them the Decree be Seal'd,
To cut them down, how can it be Repeal'd?
Ah! prize the present Day of Visitation,
And dare not to provoke his Indignation;
That, through Distillings of his Heav'nly Love,
You fertile Plants unto his Praise may prove.

1666.

On Israel's Rebellion.

O House of *Israel*, why will ye dye!
O House of *Israel*, why shall not I
Be King o'er you? Said the Eternal One,
When their rebellions came before his Throne,
Rouzing his Justice: Why do ye refuse
Me to be King, another King to choose?
Incline your Ear, and hearken to my Voice,
Lest you too late Repent your hasty Choice:
Have I not gather'd you, that ye might be
A pure peculiar People unto me?

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Did

Did I not bring you out of *Egypt's* Land,
 And set you free from *Pharaoh's* cruel Hand?
 Did I not guide you safely through the Sea,
 Leading you with a Glorious Cloud by Day,
 And with a Pillar of bright Fire by Night,
 Conducted you in pleasant Paths of Light?
 Did I not *Jordan's* Flowing Streams divide,
 Whilst you pass'd dry-shod to the further side?
 Yea, without Humane Art, I caus'd to fall,
 Down to the Ground, proud *Jericho's* high Wall.
 Could any Mortal Prince do thus for you?
 I gave you Being, Life, and Conquest too.
 Why do you then Rebel against your God?
 Do you not fear Him, nor his Iron Rod?
 Remember how, in Love, I nourished
 Thee, like a tender Child, with Angels Bread;
 With Water from the Rock I did supply thee,
 Altho' I knew 'twas good sometimes to try thee:
 Thine Enemies I did for thee subdue;
 Yea, Great and Mighty Kings I overthrew,
 When they Oppressed or Opposed thee:
 But, ah, what Guile, or what Iniquity,
 Have your Fore-Fathers ever found in me!
 Or in my Righteous Statutes? Yet have they
 Delighted rather in a Crooked Way,
 Than in my Law; whose Path is perfect Light,
 In which the Wise and Prudent take delight.
 Though they perversly often turn'd aside,
 As you their Children, who have now deny'd
 Me to be King: 'Tis Me that you forsake,
 To choose a Mortal, who will from you take
 Your Sons and Daughters, for his Offices,
 For Horsemen, Cooks, and other Services;

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Your Vineyards, Fields, Cattel, and other Treasure,
 As he thinks fit, he'll call for at his Pleasure.
 Stiff-necked People are ye then, to choose
 Man for your King, but stubbornly refuse
 Me, your Creator, that ye may hereby
 Be like your Neighbours ; whose Idolatry
 You also dote upon : Though my Command
 Was to destroy the Idols of the Land ;
 Which to extirpate utterly, I did
 All Converse and Affinity forbid
 With those Inhabitants ; whom therefore I,
 Since they the Land with gross Iniquity
 Had long defil'd, determin'd to expel,
 And give them for a Prèy to *Israel*,
 To Root them out, not Imitate : For they,
 By ill Example, soon would lead astray
 From my pure Precepts. Yet you rather be
 Inclind to hearken unto such, than Me,
 And t'imitate the Nations round about ye, (ye
 Who, should I but withdraw, would quickly rout
 Take now your choice ; but know, the time will be,
 In your Afflictions, ye will seek to me : (you,
 For they will prove as Thorns to vex and grieve
 And there is none but I that can relieve you ;
 For 'tis not Man can give you Victory
 O'er your Opposers ; No, 'tis only I.
 And had you still obey'd my just Command,
 I'd quite expell'd your Foes from out the Land.

Meditations in Trouble.

O How is my Distressed Soul perplext
 With overwhelming Sorrows! Ah, how vext
 With daily Troubles, hurry'd to and fro!
 I know not where to stay, or where to go,
 To find some ease, or to avoid my Grief;
 From this false World I cannot find Relief.
 Alas, alas, that which Afflicteth me
 Is Thoughts, how I have oft rejected thee, }
 Most Gracious Lord, when thou Invited'st me,
 With other Weary'd Ones, to give us Rest,
 And Consolation at thy tender Breast.
 But, ah, incline thine Ear to this my Cry,
 Grant me thy Quick'ning Presence, or I dye.
 Though in Obscurity I have been hid,
 And as in Crooked Paths oft wandered;
 Some Glimpse of Light is surely broken in,
 Which gives to see the Loathsomness of Sin:
 Yea, through thy Goodness, I begin to know
 Thou'rt Rich in Mercy, and to Anger slow:
 Lord, speak the Word, that so I may be heal'd,
 Knowing thy Holy Life in me reveal'd.
 Ah, let thy Heav'nly Fear always in me
 Abound, Salvation is alone of thee.
 For, tho' thy Righteous Law I have transgress'd,
 And oft despised Knowledge, like the Beast,
 That hath no Understanding; thou didst please
 T'engage thy self, That if a Sinner cease
 From his past Wickedness, and fervently
 Do unto thee, Great King, for Mercy cry,

So that thy Holy Precepts he obey,
 And walk sincerely in thy Living Way;
 Thou, by thy Prophet, Lord, wert pleas'd to give
 Thy Princely Word, *He shall not Dye, but Live.*
 Encouraged hereby, my panting Soul
 Cries unto thee, that thou would'st make me whole;
 Thou only Author of true Living Faith,
 That hast subdu'd the Pow'r of Hell and Death,
 And overcome the World: Ah, lighten me,
 That I may know thy Way, and follow thee;
 Bearing the Daily Cross, and find that Power,
 Which is to the Redeem'd a Refuge-Tower;
 And so enjoy Eternal Peace with thee,
 Thou taking up thy blest Abode with me,
 That I may sing thy Praise Eternally.

A Meditation.

THough Zion sit in Misery,
 And do in Ashes mourn,
 And all her Foes, as they pass by,
 Do her deride and scorn.
 Though like the spotless Turtle Dove,
 That in the Rock doth dwell,
 'Wailing the absence of her Love,
 Whose Grief no Tongue can tell:
 Though for a Season thus she may
 Sit, like a Widow poor
 And desolate, there is a Day
 When she shall grieve no more.

Fruits of Retirement: Or,

Though yet she mourn, lament and weep,
 To see her Children dear
 To wander, like poor scatter'd Sheep,
 Through Desarts far and near:
 Hourly in danger to be torn,
 By Tyger, Wolf or Bear,
 As they are seeking to return
 Unto their Mother dear.
 Yet those that would these Sheep annoy,
 Let them for certain know,
 They shall not, if such them destroy,
 Long unrewarded go.
 Ere long this Cloud of Misery
 Shall vanish quite away;
 She, that sat in Obscurity,
 Shall see a Glorious Day.
 Then shall her Tyranizing Foes
 Receive just Punishment,
 Who did her Children dear expose
 T'Exile and Banishment.
 These shall return to her again,
 With Sacred Songs of Joy;
 But those shall Roar and Howl for pain,
 And to the Mountains cry,
 Fall on us, hide us from the Wrath
 Of the Lamb's Anger, and
 Which He against us justly hath
 Sent forth: For who can stand
 When he appears? Sure only those
 That know his Blessed Power
 T'surround and guard them from their Foes,
 As in a Refuge Tower.

On PETER.

Could *Peter*, unto whom the watchful Cock
Was as a Sign, be that abiding Rock,
And firm Foundation, whereupon the Lord,
According to his never-failing Word, (Hell
Would build his Church, 'gainst which the Gates of
Should not prevail? For *Christ* himself would dwell
Ev'n in the midst of her; Can these things be,
And *Peter* so prevail'd against? For he
Did after this yield to th' Infirmity
Of Flesh and Blood; and so, for fear, deny
His Lord and Master: Till his Master's Look
Pierced his Heart; and yet Compassion took
On Weeping *Peter*: But the Heav'nly Pow'r
Abides, that shew'd him clearly in that hour,
Jesus to be the Son of God, the Christ.
Though *Gog* and *Magog* study to resist
This Rock of Ages, all their Strength shall fail;
For against this, Hell-Gates shall ne'er prevail:
Nor shall that Faith or Hope e'er be Confounded,
That is on this abiding Basis grounded.
Would Man be safe against the Storms of Hell?
Then build upon this Rock of *Israel*.

A Meditation in Affliction.

O Gracious Lord, thou only King of Kings,
 Who only *Saving Health* and *Comfort* brings
 To the Afflicted, that in Faith do cry
 To thee! 'Tis thou canst heal each Malady;
 Thou a Physitian of Physitians art,
 And of thy Mercies freely dost impart
 Unto thy Creatures, who have none but thee
 To hope for help from, in their Misery.
 O thou that to the Blind restored Sight,
 Capacitating to behold the Light,
 Which makes things manifest, whereby we may
 Walk without Stumbling, and not lose our way:
 Who likewise didst the Dumb Man's Tongue unty,
 That he might speak, thy Name to magnify;
 The Dead reviv'dst, the Bury'd rais'd again,
 Strengthened the *Ankle-Bones*, whereby the *Lame*
 Leap'd as an Hart: Thy Pow'r is still the same. }
 O thou that art the God of Love alone! (Throne;
 Look down, look down, from thy most Gracious
 Have Mercy on me, ease me from my Grief,
 And grant unto thy Hand-maid some Relief;
 Hold forth thy Righteous Scepter, and say, *Live*;
 'Tis thou alone that canst my Sins forgive:
 Speak but the word, and my — Infirmities
 Shall soon be heal'd.—Ah, heal my feeble Eyes,
 Of Soul and Body, Lord, that I may see
 Thy Heav'nly Light, and learn to follow thee!
 And in thy Fear spend my remaining Days,
 To tell thy Goodness, and to sing—thy Praise.

On the Sight of a Skull.

BEhold, Ambitious Lump of Clay refin'd,
Thy Epilogue; see, see to what design'd!
So soon as thou wert Born, so soon as Air
Affords thee Breath, thy Vitals to repair;
So soon as thy small feeble Embrion Breast
Is of an active Power, unknown, possess'd;
So soon thou may'st expect the Dreadful Day,
When thou once more must be reduc'd to Clay;
And the whole Fabrick of thy Body must
Again be brought to its first nothing, Dust:
Then shall those Eyes, those Chrystal Eyes of thine,
Which now, like Sparkling Diamonds, do shine;
Their little Chambers circular forsake,
And them to Essence more obscure betake;
The tender Funnel of thy Nose, must thence
Corroded be, and lose its Smelling Sense;
And all the Volume of thy Face will be
So chang'd, none may thereby remember thee:
Therefore the hopes of all Terrestrial Glory,
Is Frivolous, and Vain, and Transitory.
Ah then, what cause hast thou, Presumptuous Man,
To boast thy self? Whereon, alas, where can
Thy vain Ambition build a Trophy now?
What Cause hath Majesty upon that Brow
T'Enthroned it self? Which must ere long become
A Thread-bare Skull, a simple naked Bone?
Therefore, who'er thou be, that dreads this strange,
To Flesh and Blood, this doleful, certain Change,
Let

Let it be thy Concern, in holy Fear,
 To pass the time of thy Sojourning here
 In pure Obedience to that Heav'nly Pow'r,
 Who, when he pleaseth, can to Life restore
 And give thy Soul assured Satisfaction
 (In Him, who is our Life and Resurrection)
 To rest with him; whereby the Dread and Fear,
 That doth so frequently in some appear, (Mind,
 When Thoughts of this *great Change* doth rise in
 Are vanish'd and dispell'd; they inward find
 Such hearty Resignation, they can sing,
Grave, where's thy Victory? Death, where's thy Sting?
 Sin, Death's sad Sting, must therefore conquer'd be,
 Before poor Man this Joyful Day can see:
 Then, being call'd, we freely may lay down
 This Transitory Life, to gain a Crown
 Of Life Eternal, with the Prince of Peace,
 Where all Affliction shall for ever cease.
 Then, having put on Immortality,
 Our Souls shall Praise his Name Eternally.

1669.

A Meditation.

O Who would think it such a task to find
 A vigilant and truly stable Mind!
 Low center'd down in that Eternal Light,
 Which, with its Brightness, drives away the Night
 Of gross Egyptian Darkness, that it may,
 Like pleasant *Phosphor*, usher in the Day.
 Alas, what Heart can rightly apprehend
 The Soul-amazing Conflicts, that attend

All

All that begin to travel towards *Zion*,
 How they're oppos'd by the Roaring Lion,
 That goes about, still seeking to destroy,
 And hinder from true Everlasting Joy.
 Ah, none but those that walk the narrow Way,
 Can see the Snares laid to entice astray,
 And draw aside from that Protecting Pow'r,
 Which only can preserve them in the Hour
 Of great Temptation. Ah, thrice happy they
 That know the Sheepfold, where they safely may
 Lie down secure, and need not be afraid
 Of any Beast of Prey, that would invade
 The *couching Lambs*, whose Shepherd never sleeps,
 But, as an Army, them securely keeps:
 Here may they Pasture sweetly, safely, bless'd;
 But from this Fold there is no place of Rest.

1669.

On the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

TRuth pleas'd to say, *Ten Virgins typifie*
The Heav'nly Kingdom's sacred Mystery.
 Ten Virgins, and but Five were counted Wise;
 Tho' all, alas, inclin'd to slumbering Eyes,
 Both Wise and Foolish; yet the King discern'd
 Who were his Faithful Ones, for they had learn'd
 To be prepar'd, and in their Vessels they
 Had taken Oyl, and labour'd in the Day,
 And furnished their Lamps; that in the Night,
 The Bridegroom coming suddenly, they might
 Find Favour and Admittance in to see
 The sacred Nuptial Joys; as also be

Happy

Happy Partakers of the same: When they
 That Foolish were, and idly slept away
 Their precious Time, not having Oyl, must go
 To Buy; but then, too late returning to
 The Door, they find it shut; where, tho' they cry,
Lord open to us! Ah, the sad Reply
 Will be, *I know you not, depart from me,*
Ye Foolish Workers of Iniquity.

Then may they wander, destitute of Light,
 In horrid Darkness of perpetual Night.

Now, you that would be numbred with the *Wise*,
 Take heed of sleeping in Formalities;
 Lest ye forget the Oyl, the Life of Light,
 And so be unprepared in the Night:
 For, though you imitate the Wise, and bear
 A shew of Lamps, there can no Light appear,
 If Oyl be wanting. O Redeem your Time!
 Have Oyl in th' Vessel, that your *Lamps* may shine;
 Lest, if it be to seek, when 'tis too late,
 Such may in vain stand Knocking at the Gate,
 But find no Entrance: Therefore watch to hear
 The Midnight Cry, Arise, prepare, prepare
 To meet the Bridegroom; 'tis the Wise that shall
 Be entertain'd, that waited for the Call,
 And in their Vessels kept the Oyl for Light;
 Such were in Readiness, and therefore might
 Have free access unto the Marriage-Feast,
 And with a Cheerful Heart, sit down and taste;
 Yea, feed and drink thereat abundantly,
 Having the Wedding-Garment on, whereby
 They read their *Welcom* in the *Bridegroom's Eye*.
 True durable Delights do then abound,
 Salvation, as a Bulwark, doth surround

These

These highly Favoured Ones ; who therefore sing
Praise to the Bridegroom, *Sion's* Blessed King.

1669.

A Meditation.

THE Lord, the Lord of Hosts, is *Sion's* King,
Who dwells i'th' midst of her, & she shall sing
High Praises to his Name ; knowing his Word
Her only Law, to which, with one accord,
Her Children hearken : Tho' she once did Mourn,
She shall Rejoyce ; Altho' she was the Scorn
Of Nations, He'll Exalt her, as the Crown
Of all the Earth ; because she is his own.
Then shall *Jerusalem* be known to be
The bright, but tender Apple of his Eye ;
And all that touch her, to afflict or grieve her,
Shall feel a Fiery Dart struck through their Liver :
Her Children are a Chosen Generation ;
Jerusalem shall be an Habitation
Of Peace and Quietness ; for she shall be,
By her Victorious Lord and King, kept free
From all Invasion ; and her Glorious Light,
Which never more can be surpriz'd by Night,
Is Heav'n's great Lord, against whom none can stand,
The Sun of Righteousness ; whose Glorious Hand
Is *Zion's* Shield, Salvation is her Wall
And fenced Bulwarks, which can never fall,
By Force of Batt'ring Rams, or Cannon-Shot,
For their great Founder's is always on the Spot,
And never can be shaken, but shall be
Invincible to all Eternity.

And.

And though her Gates (each of a Pearl entire,
 Whose dazzling Splendor justly may require
 Our humble Admiration) are by Day
 Open to all that that walk in *Zion's Way*;
 That which defileth, or that is impure,
 Or loves, or makes a Lye, cannot endure
 To enter there; the Fire consumes all Dross:
 The only Way therein is through the Cross.
 Her Streets, where her Inhabitants do pass,
 Are Bright as Gold, or like transparent Glass:
 Hither the Lamb conducts his Chosen Ones,
 To Reign with him, and sit on Glorious Thrones;
 There to behold, for ever, Face to Face,
 The Heavenly King, who giveth *Grace for Grace*,
 With Princely Priviledge, to take and eat
Life's pleasant Fruit, which Man at first might take;
 Which ev'ry Month brings forth a new supply,
 Whose precious Leaves shall heal each Malady
 Among the Nations, that there may remain
 Not one infirm, or blemish'd with a Stain.
 The Saving Health of Nations dwelleth here,
 Where the Redeemed serve him without Fear;
 Keeping th'Eternal Sabbath Day of Rest,
 With great *Emmanuel*, for ever blest'd.
 The *Chrystal River* streaming from the Throne
 Of pure unblemish'd Glory (whereupon
 The Lord God, and the Lamb immaculate,
 In Mercy, Reigns) Refreshing ev'ry State,
 Here sweetly flows; and also, Proclamation
 Is made to ev'ry Kindred, Tongue and Nation,
 If any thirst, let that poor Soul repair
 Unto this Fountain, for Salvation's there:
 Come, saith the Spirit; Come, the Bride doth say;
 Why in a Land of Drought should any stay?

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Come, all that thirst, Come, drink abundantly
 These Soul-refreshing Streams of Purity:
 This is the Blessed River, that makes glad
 The Heritage of God, as David said;
 For this doth through the Holy City flow,
 And on its Banks that Tree of Life doth grow:
 No Cursed Thing is in this City found,
 But Perfect Peace, and Heav'nly Joys abound,
 Because the Righteous reigns; whose Servants all
 Praise Him incessantly; the Elders shall
 Cast down their Crowns before his pure white Throne,
 And say, All Praise, all Honour, and Renown,
 Belongs to thee; who, by thy Living Word,
 Created us for thy own Pleasure, Lord.

1670.

On Nadab and Abihu.

WERE these the high Priests Heirs, that did begin
 In Sacrifice to perpetrate a Sin
 So Capital, so Dreadful, to provoke
 Offended Justice, to inflict a Stroke
 So Terrible, as to destroy at once
 Two of th'anointed Priests, the high Priests Sons,
 For offering Sacrifice; yea, Incense, when
 They hop'd to purchase Favour, but in vain?
 'Tis not Presumption in the Carnal Will,
 That finds acceptance; nor can this fulfil
 The Sacred Precepts of the highest King,
 But rather Sad and Dreadful Judgments bring
 Upon the Heads of them, whose Confidence
 In self produceth such a bold Offence,

As

As is an adding to the Law of God,
 To such he'll add his Plagues; his Iron Rod
 Shall fore afflict them. 'Tis his Word alone
 Must be the Law; in his Beloved Son
 Is he well pleas'd; Him only all should hear,
 And feel their Hearts abound with holy Fear;
 Not taught by Carnal Precepts, Man's Tradition,
 Or a Self-will, but where a true Submission
 Is known; the Author of our Faith doth here,
 In th' humble Heart, beget true Son-like Fear:
 Such dare not pass the Limit of Command,
 Lest he say, *Who requir'd it at your hand?*
 For He (to whom, of his abundant Grace,
 The Great Eternal One spoke Face to Face)
 Who knew what he requir'd, then testify'd,
Thus saith the Lord, I will be Sanctify'd
By them that do approach to me; for I,
As with Refiners Fire, will purify
The Sons of Levi. Therefore all in Fear,
 Must with a broken contrite Heart draw near
 To *Isr'el's* God; this is the Sacrifice
 Which he hath promis'd never to despise.

On Charity.

WHAT a sumblime, celestial Mystery,
 Is couch'd in this obscure Name, *Charity!*
 So frequent in the Mouths of most, but known
 To few, save in the empty sound alone;
 Else it would teach us how to Sympathize
 One with another in Infirmities.

This

This mourns with those that mourn, and to their
Studies, in kindness, to impart Relief: (grief,
This beareth all things, and suspecteth none;
This seeks another's good, ev'n as its own;
Never rejoycing in Iniquity,
For 'tis true Love to Friend, to Enemy;
Desiring more to veil, to hide and cover,
Than to disclose the weakness of a Brother;
And, with a Garment, hides a multitude
Of Faults, that Enmity may not intrude.
But this, with *Lynx-ey'd* Passion cannot rest,
Nor long cohabit in the self-same Breast;
One's mild and gentle, apt to condescend;
The other's peevish with a Bosom-Friend:
One joys in that most, that offendeth none;
The other seeks to please it self alone:
The one fulfils the Law, in all respects;
The other Law and Gospel both rejects.

Now, are not all engag'd to entertain
The Gentle Nature? Not alone the Name
Of *Charity*; which, keeping Residence
Within the Bosom, may exile from thence
All Peace-disturbing Passion, and restrain
Insulting Self, that she alone may reign.
This would incline all Hearts to a Serene
Calmness, and to a Condescending Frame
Of Spirit; still rejoycing to dispence
Favours to all, in true Benevolence;
Not in Ambition, or Formality,
To be applauded by a Mortal Eye.
Restless Distrust, and Haughty-Ey'd Disdain,
Envy, that frets and gnaws it self in vain,
At other's Happiness, with Discontent,
Which doth, in any State, true Peace prevent;

And Self-tormenting Rage, with Fierce Revenge,
Which often heaves the Senses off the Hinge
Of Reason; all (where this prevails) are gone,
Dispers'd like Mists before the Rising Sun:
For Wars and Strife, where this inhabits, cease;
And she confirms the Mind in lasting Peace.

1675.

Contemplation.

Great God, arise, that so thine Enemies
May be dispers'd, as Clouds when th' Sun doth
Thou *King of Kings*, who only must expel (rise!
Th' intruding Foe, that in the Heart doth dwell,
Which is thy proper Right, who didst create
It for thy Service: Teach us, Lord, to wait
For thine Appearance, in Sincerity;
To know thee first to Judge, then Justify
The Meek, the broken contrite Heart: 'Tis thou
That teachest rightly to thy Name to Bow;
For none can Bow acceptably, or call
Thee, Jesus, *Lord*; (tho' thou art Lord of all,
Both Heav'n and Earth) but by thy holy Spirit;
Whereby we come, through Mercy, to inherit
Thy Princely Favours; and not only know
To call thee truly *Lord*, but *Father* too.
What! tho' Man in Externals may conform,
And seemingly from his Pollutions turn;
Yet to subdue and regulate the Will,
Is thy own Work, surpassing Humane Skill:
Poor wretched Man, tho' he thy Pow'r resist,
Cannot return unto thee when he list,

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Without thy Help; since his depraved Will
Is so averse to Good, so prone to Ill;
Except he be, by thy Redeming Power,
Set free, and taught to know the Refuge-Tower:
Then neither *Winds*, nor *Waves*, nor *Stormy Weather*,
(Although with Fury all conspire together
T'assault and ruinate the House that's founded;
And on the Rock is deep and firmly grounded)
Can overthrow it: Here's a Fortress sure,
Which will against all Batteries endure;
Here may we find a Captain will defend,
Whom all dear *Sion's* Foes cannot withstand.
Lord, since Salvation is alone from thee,
From Self Destruction, Wo and Misery;
Teach us to wait to feel thy Conqu'ring Love,
Within our yielding Bosoms, freely move,
To quicken, heal, and strengthen us; that we
May, through thy Goodness, rise and follow thee:
Believing, there is none but thee that can
Crown with Perfection this thy Work in Man;
And give access before thy Royal Throne,
Where perfect Peace and Joy in thee is known:
Then holy Thanks and Praises shall ascend
To thee, who to our Grief dost put an end.

1676.

A Meditation in Retirement.

O That my Mind were cent'red where it ought!
 Entirely freed from all distracting Thought:
 Vain *wandering Thoughts*, that crowd within my *Breast*
 Do oft obstruct my Soul from Solid Rest;
 And, like to vagrant Clouds, obscure the Mind
 Which should to serious watching be inclin'd:
 Ah! Rise thou Sun of Righteousness, thy Light
 Can soon dispel the Gloominess of Night:
 Appear, appear, let thy Victorious Ray,
 And long'd-for Presence, still renew the Day;
 Whereby my slumb'ring Eyes may walk and see
 The Dawning Morning of Felicity,
 Still more and more break forth to perfect Day,
 Whose Heav'nly Light guides in the Blessed Way,
 That leads to thy renowned Holy Hill;
 Where true Obedience to thy Sacred Will
 Makes glad the Hearts of thy Redeemed Ones,
 Who know the Comfort of Adopted Sons;
 And can sing Praises to that Gracious Hand,
 Which rais'd 'em up, and taught 'em how to stand,
 To walk and run the pleasant Paths of Peace,
 Rejoycing in true Joys that never cease.

1677.

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On the Vanity of the World.

HOW long shall empty Toys possess the Mind,
Which should to solid Joys be more inclin'd!
What true Content can spring t'Immortal Souls
From Riches, that take Wings, or lurk in Holes?
Thereby deluding those who seem t'possess
Them; but excluding from the Happiness,
Which, in right use of them, might be enjoy'd;
So in th'abuse their Hearts are more imploy'd,
Hoping to find therein a true Content
Unto the Mind: Yet nothing permanent
Can e'er be found in fading Vanity;
Such Hopes are crown'd at last with Misery.
Shall then the seeming Beauty of this thing
So dis-engage from Duty to the King
Of Glory, who alone should rule in Man?
The Heart should be his Throne: Shall these things then
So sway the Mind, that Mortals should thereby
Be thus inclin'd to dote on Vanity,
Rather than to adore their Maker, and
Fall down before him, at his just Command.
May He be their Delight and Joy alone,
For Everlasting Life in Him is known:
Whereas the Love of transient Objects here,
Doth often prove a Soul-deluding Snare,
To hold them fast, as in Captivity;
Until at last, for their Iniquity,
They come to find themselves in this sad State;
Their Minds tormented, and their Joys t'abate.

Should any then imploy his Time, his Labour,
 To gain a fading Toy, and lose the Favour
 Of his Creator! Who, with tender Love,
 Doth, as a Father, visit from above,
 And gently call unto himself, that He
 Might Ransom all to perfect Liberty.
 Yet might we use needful Enjoyments here,
 Without abuse, in holy Dread and Fear.
 These outward things should not possess the Mind,
 That to the King of Kings should be resign'd:
 And he perswades to leave things transitory,
 Yea, freely leads to never-fading Glory;
 Come then, embrace the *Crown* that's set before }
 1677. (ye.

Contemplation.

Contemplation.

HOW amiable is thy Presence, Lord!
O how desirable thy holy Word!
Though as a Fire or Hammer it appear,
To burn and batter down whatever's dear
To sinful Flesh and Blood, thy Judgments be
Exceeding sweet and pleasant unto me:
For *Sion's* Children are Redeem'd thereby,
And Purify'd from their Iniquity;
Yea, Everlasting Righteousness brought in,
Her Converts ransom'd from ensnaring Sin;
And thy Salvation is hereby reveal'd
More near, and thy great Mysteries unseal'd,
When Judgment is brought forth to Victory,
That thine may walk with thee in Purity.
Ah! teach us daily patiently to wait,
In holy Awe, to know this happy State
Confirm'd and Seal'd unto us, that we may
Reign with the Lamb in the Eternal Day:
Then may we, to the Praise of *Sion's* King,
A Song of Judgment and of Mercy sing.

A Meditation.

O Keep me in thy Fear, thou All in All,
 That I may always hearken to thy Call,
 And answer thy Commands : If thou say, *Come,*
 Or *Go,* I with a willing Mind may run
 The Paths of thy pure Precepts ; that I may
 Still know thy Presence in thy Living Way.
 Ah, guide me by thy bright Enam'ring Eye !
 Wherein sweet Mildness, mixt with Majesty,
 So overcomes my Soul ; that, ah, my Heart
 Thus wounded, loves to feel so sweet a Smart !
 'Tis thou alone that wounds, and gently heals ;
 Thou kills, and Everlasting Life reveals
 Unto the Dead, that hear thy Voice ; they Live
 To bless thy Name, and Living Praises give
 Unto thy Life-restoring Word ; whereby
 Thine are set free from their Iniquity,
 To Live and Reign with thee, whose Pow'r alone
 Works Wonders : Weakness wholly is our own ;
 But Strength Invincible is thine, Great King !
 Thou Living *Fountain*, whence all Comforts spring :
 Ah, teach me fervently to wait to see
 Salvation and Deliverance wrought for me !
 That all Thanksgiving may to thee redound,
 Who art with Everlasting Glory crown'd.

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On TRUTH.

T'Ruth in the Inward Part is my delight,
To Meditate therein both Day and Night,
And feel its pure Enliv'ning Pow'r in me
Surmount all Pleasure, that on Earth can be
Enjoy'd by Mortals: Ah, this is alone
More Precious than the Diadem or Throne
Of Egypt's Land! O how my Soul admires it,
And in the secret of my Heart desires it
Above all transitory fading things!
For this alone true Satisfaction brings
To the Immortal Soul; then how can I
But, in true Meekness and Humility,
Bow down before the Glorious Majesty,
And Supplication make, that this may be
Abundantly each day reveal'd in me
By th'Holy Ghost; that so a contrite Heart
May be prepar'd, by *Truth* in th'Inward Part,
And offer'd up, a Living Sacrifice
Unto the Lord; who never will despise
A truly humble, broken, contrite Heart;
Because he loves *Truth* in the Inward Part:
Who can but prize it! For th'Eternal Love
Distils sweet Show'rs of Blessings from above,
Into the Heart, where this abides and dwells;
Which, with its Heav'nly Lustre, far excels
All Oriental Gems: The Rubies rare,
Or Sparkling Diamonds, may not compare,
Or be esteem'd with this; its Worth exceeds
Them all, as *Sharon's* Rose all noisome Weeds

In

In Atomatick Fragrancy transcends;
 And as by sacred Influence extends
 A spicy Sweetness to what's touch'd thereby,
 And tinctures with a sacred Sympathy;
 As when one formerly was pleas'd to knock,
 T'awake his Love, the Handles of the Lock,
 Embalm'd with droppings of sweet *smelling Myrrh*,
 Stream'd with a Vertue, that enamour'd her,
 Who 'rose to open to him, so that she
 Was wounded deep, (O sacred Sympathy!)
 Nor could she rest, till seeking far and near,
 Her best Beloved did again appear.

This is that Princely Lover, that inspires
 The Hearts of Mankind, with such pure Desires
 After himself: And those that be affected
 With Love sincere, the World must be rejected
 By such, for their Beloved's sake; for He
 A perfect Recompence to them will be.
 Love can admit no Rivals; they must choose
 But one, and then the other quite refuse:
 For he that loves *Truth* in the Inward Part,
 Ought to be sole Possessor of the Heart;
 Then in this Pilgrimage he'll grant a Guide
 Unto their Steps, lest they should turn aside;
 Even this for-ever-blessed *Truth* within,
 Which, as the Light, doth first discover Sin;
 Then, as it is obey'd, the Heart and Mind
 Hereby comes to be cleansed and refin'd
 (As Gold refined in the Fire from Dross)
 From all Pollutions; and upon the Cross
 The Enmity is slain, and holy Awe,
 With true Submission to the Royal Law,
 Springs in its stead; thus Sin and Wickedness
 Cast out and conquer'd, perfect Righteousness

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Is then brought in, whereby Salvation is
 Reveal'd, with earnest of Eternal Bliss.
 Thus Man's Redeem'd unto a Blessed State,
 That was become lost and degenerate,
 Through Disobedience to that Sacred Law,
 Enjoyn'd to Man at first, thereby to draw
 To sole Dependance on the Chiefest Good,
 Who granted him the *Tree of Life* for Food,
 Till he transgress'd; but then Man presently
 Became a Slave to Sin and Vanity.
 So as by Disobedience in that Day,
 Man, hearkening to the Serpent, lost his Way
 In Death's dark Region; if his pensive Mind
 Begins sincerely (by some Glimpse inclin'd)
 T'obey the *Light of Life*, he comes to be
 Redeem'd from Death and Darkness, and set free;
 Free from Captivity of Sin and Death,
 To serve the *Lord of Life*, who gave him Breath,
 Yea, Life and Being; and when'er he pleaseth
 But to with-hold his Pow'r, the Creature ceaseth
 To move: In Him alone is Life and Love,
 In whom the Righteous always Live and Move,
 As led by this pure, holy, blessed TRUTH,
 The Inward Word, the Guide of Age and Youth.
 For by this may a Young Man cleanse his Way;
 And to the Aged, 'tis their Strength and Stay:
 This surely is the goodly Pearl of Price;
 And this is *Mary's* well-approved Choice:
 This is the hidden Treasure, that doth lie
 So undiscerned by the Carnal Eye;
 Which, whosoever finds, and selleth all
 To purchase, tho' at first it seem but small
 Unto the Worldly-Wise, yet shall it be
 A good Inheritance Eternally.

Contemplation.

MY Life, my Love, my Joy,
 Who can enough admire
 The Sweetning Influence
 Of *Shiloh's* Stream, from whence
 Vertue abounds unto thy Plants, whereby
 The *Lilly* sprouts, free from the Choaking Bryar;
 Thy *Trees* do likewise bring forth Fruit, & flourish,
 To th'Praise of thee, who dost both Prune and
 (Cherish.

The time that is employ'd
 In holy Meditation
 Of thy Prevailing Love,
 Engaging from above
 The upright Heart, (wherein it is enjoy'd)
 In humble Fear, and sacred Admiration,
 Is best Improv'd; for this indeed doth tend
 To true Content and Peace, World without end.
 1678.

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The Retreat, a Meditation.

THOU only Solace of a Panting Soul,
Let not Earth's interposing Mists controul
The earnest Breathing of my Heart, and veil
Thy Beauty over-long, lest Doubts prevail:
Yet gently teach me always to submit
To what Chastizement thou, my Lord, think'st fit;
That a more intimate Acquaintance may
With thee be known, and thy Eternal Day
Shine forth, as when the *Moon's* Light must become,
As the bright Quick'ning Lustre of the *Sun*;
And so the Splendor of the Sun increase
As the united Light of Seven Days.
Ah then, what cause of Stumbling can there be
To the Redeemed Souls, that follow thee,
In true Unfeigned Love! Thou only art
Worthy to have sole Interest in the Heart:
'Tis thou alone, who dost our Foes subdue,
And, with kind Invitations, long pursue
Rebellious Souls, too apt to turn aside,
Or to forget thy kindness, if thou hide
Thy Face a little; or like *Israel*,
When *Moses* tarry'd in the Mount, rebel:
For, ah, distrusting Thoughts do presently
Object the sad Impossibility
Of finding thee again, whereby we might
Be overwhelmed in *Egyptian* Night;
And with our borrow'd Jewels, form and make
A Golden Calf, and wretchedly forsake,

For

For new Inventions, thy most Righteous Law,
 If *Moses* for a season should withdraw ;
 Willing and running to our own Destruction,
 When we should wait on thee to gain Instruction.
 Ah, let thy tender Care preserve and keep
 Us, with an Eye that is not apt to sleep,
 But always guards thy little Heritage,
 From all their Adversaries, in this Age,
 As formerly ; though the Unfaithful are
 Often Surpriz'd, and cast into a Snare :
 But tho' thou try'st thy true Depending Ones,
 Thou still protect'st them as Beloved Sons.
 Ah ! prove me, but support me ; my Desire
 Is, with resigned Will, to pass the Fire
 Of Trials and Afflictions, till thereby
 I be refin'd from all Impurity.
 For those whom thou hast thoroughly purify'd,
 And in the Furnace of Afflictions try'd,
 Thou bear'st up in the Arms of thy Salvation,
 And suckles at the Breast of Consolation,
 That they may speak thy Praise, and run the Way
 Of Life and Peace, in thy Eternal Day.

1678.

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The First Epistle to Cousin F. R.

MY Heart (*dear Cousin*) thy Eternal Good
Truly desires, and that Life's saving Food
Thy Soul may taste and feed upon; that so
Thou may'st unto a perfect Stature grow
In Jesus Christ, the blest'd *Emmanuel*,
And with him in pure Heav'nly Places dwell;
That in sincerity, thy Heart and Mind
May to this Loyal Lover be resign'd:
Then will it not be grievous unto thee
To wait to know his Will more frequently;
Which, when made known, be careful to obey,
That thou may'st travel in his holy Way;
Not still resisting, lest he cease to strive,
Who by his potent Love preserves alive.
O prize this Love! and see that, with disdain
Thou do'st not recompence this Love again:
Plead not for Flesh, nor Fleshly Vanity,
Lest thou be plung'd into Iniquity.
Thou know'st, thou hast a *Talent* to improve,
Yea, more than some: O do not grieve, or move
To Indignation, Him that doth extend
His tender Arm of Love thee to defend
From the devouring Dragon, that with Wiles
And sluggard Poisons, subtilly beguiles
Unstable Souls, that sell the precious Truth,
And in vain Pleasures waste their Prime of Youth,
But be not thou as they, who for meer Toys,
Contemn and Sell their Souls Eternal Joys:
Nor be asham'd (*dear Friend*) I thee intreat,
To honour Him that did thy Soul create,

And

48 **Fruits of Retirement : Or,**

And Body too; altho' the World should scorn,
 For Jesus sake; thou know'st thou wast not Born
 To serve the World, the Flesh, nor Satan neither;
 Therefore, altho' all these Conspire together,
 Give *Christ* thy Heart, & he will give thee Strength
 To overcome thine Enemies at length.
 But if thou be, before the Sons of Men,
 Asham'd to own thy self his Servant, then
 He'll be asham'd of thee before his Father,
 And Ever-Blessed Angels; therefore rather
 Deny thou all for Him, than Him for any;
 For tho' there be pretended Lovers many,
 Let this the chiefest of Ten Thousand be;
 For surely so he'll prove himself to thee,
 If thou canst but believe, and not exclude
 Thy self, through Sin and vile Ingratitude.
 O set thy self to seek him, that seeks thee,
 With his endeared Love, to set thee free
 From the Oppression of the Enemy,
 Thee to adorn in spotless Purity.
 Tho' Troubles, Grievs, and Crosses, do attend
 Thee many times, thou hast a Bosom-Friend,
 To whom in secret thou may'st tell thy Grief,
 Who will not fail to grant thee true Relief.
 Come then (*dear Cousin*) in Humility,
 Prove, and thou'lt find this Friend's Fidelity;
 Who will undoubtedly from Grievs divert thee,
 And unto Holiness and Peace convert thee:
 His Grace sufficient is, He only can
 Effect what seems Impossible to Man.
 My Heart is full, and fluent to indite,
 My Hand is therefore thus engag'd to write
 Much more than at the first I did intend,
 And yet I scarce can freely make an end.

Third Month, 1678.

The

The Second Epistle to Cousin F. R.

SHall I (endeared Friend) expect in vain
 Thy Promise answer'd, and not yet obtain
 The Joy of better Fruits of vacant Hours,
 Which we are not assur'd long to be ours?
 Alas, the time will come when some will say,
 O that I had as yet another Day!
 What, to add Sin to Sin, and to retire,
 If once wash'd clean, to wallow in the Mire!
 No, no; but diligently to improve
 Their time, that they might Treasure up above,
 In Heav'n's Exchequer, that which will endure;
 Gold tryed in the Fire, refin'd and pure,
 With Garments of Salvation, which will bring
 Into acceptance with th'Eternal King.
 These are the Robes of Righteousness, that can
 Procure the Favour of both God and Man.

O Come! Consider, let all Vanity
 Stoop to Concerns of such Importancy:
 And let none say, I hope 'tis well with me,
 Because I yet no Condemnation see,
 Nor feel I Judgments: If such yet retain
 A fond delight in transitory, vain,
 And fading Toys, their Treasure lies below,
 Which soon corrupts; such reap, ev'n as they sow,
 Sad Disappointments. *Sion's* Converts must
 Redemption know, by Judgments true and just.
 Alas, the Hope of Hypocrites shall fail!
 In times of trial, what shall it avail?
 But those that singly leave all things below,
 Shall in themselves the Hope of Glory know;

A Living Hope, a Hope that will endure:
 This purifies the Heart, as he is pure,
 That raiseth up the same in Men, that they
 May be encouraged in the good Way,
 That leads to Life, to Everlasting Peace,
 In Joys Eternal, which shall never cease.
 Ponder these things (*my Friend!*) thou hast indeed
 Engag'd thy self (although thou yet proceed
 But slowly to perform) with diligence,
 To render humble due Obedience
 To what's made known, by him that from above
 Draws tenderly, by his Long-suff'ring Love:
 O let it not so soon forgotten be!
 Which, as desir'd, will more increase in thee
 Its Sweet'ning Vertue, its Enliv'ning Power;
 That unto thee will more and more discover
 Iniquity, and for the same reprove
 Thy Soul in secret; but will gently move
 And lead thee, by his Strength-renewing Hand,
 With Cheerfulness to answer his Command,
 And fully Recompence thee: O be wise!
 Learn thou to fear, but do not now despise
 The *Day of small Things*; Ah, believe, that she
 That Faithful in a little is, shall be
 Made Ruler over much: Commit thine All
 To Him, that doth in Love so often call,
Come unto me! And know, if thou abide
 Faithful in fervent Zeal, when thou art try'd,
 Thou'lt in thy Bosom find a sweet Increase
 Of an admired overflowing Peace;
 Which, rightly known, will more esteemed be,
 Than all those Objects carnal Eyes can see.
 But know, that *mighty Works* were never done
 Amongst them that would not believe the Son,

The

The Lamb of God ; such from a near Relief,
 Excluded were, because of Unbelief :
 Yet unto one, not Conscious of that Guilt;
Be it unto thee even as thou wilt,
 Was Graciously Proclaim'd; whereby she found
 Her meek Petition fairly Heard, and Crown'd
 With a desired Grant ; although to try
 Her Faith, at first the Answer did imply
 Rather Repulse than Favour, when 'twas said,
It is not fit to take the Childrens Bread,
And give to Dogs: She answered, Truth; yet Lord,
These lick the Crums that fall beside their Board.
 Here's Wrestling Faith indeed, which as express'd
 In fervent Meekness, from a Panting Breast,
 Admirably prevail'd with Him ; whose Name,
 Whose matchless Love and Goodness, is the same
 For ever. Faint not, but go supplicate
 For Grace, to him that's easie to intreat
 By all that, in true Lowliness of Mind,
 Make their Addresses: *Seek and ye shall find,*
 Is the Authentick Warrant to begin
 To seek the Glorious Pearl that's lost within.
 Look not abroad, but light thy Candle there;
 Seek thou at home, and thou shalt find it near:
 Therefore Redeem thy Time, and Meditate
 How best thy Promise thou may'st yet compleat.
 Verily, what thou say'st, can not avail
 To justify, if thy Performance fail ;
 Nor is there strength in self: Therefore endeavour
 To know that Hand, which helpeth to persevere
 Unto the End ; and if thou Faithful be,
 A Crown of Life shall be bestow'd on thee.

1678.

A Remembrancer.

Consider well some by-past Days,
 On former Times reflect,
 And see if thou in all thy ways
 Art truly circumspect.
 'Twas said in Scripture's true Record,
 The People well have spoken,
 Had they an Heart to serve the Lord,
 And not so fallly broken
 Their Sacred Vows, whereby they did
 Engage in holy Fear
 To leave undone what he forbad,
 That they might know him near,
 Strength'ning to do what he requires,
 (In deep Humility)
 And still begetting new desires,
 His Name to magnifie:
 Whose Promise is to dwell within,
 Even in the Humble Heart,
 And wholly to Redeem from Sin,
 And of his Grace impart;
 That we may know his just Command
 Reveal'd within, and done;
 And all destroy'd, that would withstand;
 Then shall his Kingdom come,
 Which doth consist in Righteousness,
 In Peace, and Heav'nly Joy
 In th' Holy Ghost, where Blessedness
 Abounds Eternally.

An Epistle to Cousin E. S.

WHen I remember thee (*dear Friend*) I find
My Heart thus to advise thee, is inclin'd;
If thou canst hear in Calmness, and subdue
All peevish Passion, which in open view
Of sober Persons, justly merits Blame,
And manifests the Ground from whence it came:
Then let this Counsel find a place in thee;
Stoop low to Truth, and learn Humility:
This thou wast once acquainted with; beware,
Lest Strangeness interpose, and learn to fear.
Know'st thou not what true Wisdom said of old,
Man's greatest Foes are of his own Household?
And true it is, not outwardly alone,
But inwardly; for greater there is none,
Than these, we can encounter with; for they
Lurk close within, and secretly betray.
Therefore take heed, for tho' there do appear
Bad Precedents, and Ill Examples near,
They'll not so soon infect a solid Mind,
Which unto Watchfulness is still inclin'd:
And then, though Trials frequently attend,
There is an Arm of Love that will defend
From all Assaults of Man's grand Enemy,
As it is lean'd to, in Simplicity.
O let's remember this, lest we should prove
Unmindful of our First, our Chiefest Love!
Or lest a Second Love should so engage
Our Hearts and Minds, in this Infectious Age,

54 **Fruits of Retirement : Or,**

As wholly to lead captive, and betray
Us to a treacherous, fawning *Delilah*,
A subtil Bosom Traytor ; such prevail'd
O'er one, whose Strength and Valour never fail'd,
Until he doted on a Stranger's Love.

O may such false Enticements never move
Our Hearts to turn aside, lest we may lose
Our Strength and Stay, and frequently expose
Our selves to Snares and Dangers ! Surely we
Are always bound to wait in fear, to be
Kept near that Living Vertue, that doth favour
Thoughts, Words, & Actions, and that keeps in favour
With our *First Love* ; that we may live and rest
With *Sion's* holy King, for ever blest'd.

To Cousin M. S.

Sometimes (*dear Friend*) this riseth in my Heart,
Come, let's with *Mary*, choose the *better part* ;
Of which the Meek shall not deprived be :
Her Seat was low, in deep Humility,
At holy Jesus Feet ; where her desire
Was still to hear that Voice, which did inspire
Her Heart with fervent Love. She did not seek
Usurped Power, but learned to be Meek ;
For certainly, the Humble-Hearted shall
Exalted be ; but Pride portends a fall.
Whoever would be Great, must first be Low
And Little, and a true Subjection know
To that which teacheth Lowliness of Mind ;
And to the Truth their All must be resign'd,
Before

Before they can obtain that true Content,
And solid Joy, that's firm and permanent:
Such then may say, No Solace, Joy, nor Love,
Like unto this, which freely from above
Distills and streams into the Heart that's pure;
Here's *Treasure, Pleasure, Peace*, that will endure:
To this we ought to make our Calling sure.

1678.

The Third Epistle to Cousin F. R.

(my Mind,
THat Love (*dear Friend*) which brings thee to
Thus frequently, hath now again inclin'd
To visit thee, with these Considerations
Concerning thee: O Let thy Meditations
Hereof be serious! Let all Vanity
Be far exil'd, and love Simplicity.
Shall I object to thee the Pompons State
Of Purple *Dives*, or his Dreadful Fate?
Nay surely! Thou the History canst read;
Read thou within, and let not Self-hood plead.
His Unrelenting Heart despis'd the Poor,
Ev'n *Lazarus*, that Languish'd at his Door,
Without Relief: Whereas in such a State,
I should (think'st thou) be more Compassionate,
And not so disregard him. Ah, my Friend!
Though some a Hand of Charity extend,
As outwardly (which in its place is good)
Imparting sometimes Raiment, sometimes Food,
To Fellow-Creatures: Yet there's one that's Poor,
Humble and Meek, condemned at thy Door;

That waits for entrance, and that gently knocks,
Until the Dew have wet his Comely Locks;
Open to entertain him now, for He
Is come, in tender Love, to visit thee:
And tho' Poor, Meek and Lowly he appear,
He's King of Kings; therefore incline thine Ear
To his Request, that he may dwell with thee,
Whose Love's the Fountain of Felicity.
Let Superfluities be laid aside,
The Gaudy Trophies of Insulting Pride;
And be not over-curious to express
Too much Exactness in an outward Dress;
Lest peevish Passion should too oft prevail,
To banish Reason from its Throne, and veil
Sound Judgment; which would search and purify
Submissive Souls from their Iniquity,
And Vanity, abounding in th'abuse
Of Visibles, which Mortals fondly choose,
And seek a Satisfaction in, in vain;
For here no lasting Joy can they obtain.
Why then should any so unmindful be
Of that great Off-spring of Eternity,
Th'Immortal Soul? That Epitome of Wonder;
Compar'd to which, all things beneath or under
The Glorious Sun are vain! What can be given
In change for this, whose proper Home is Heaven?
Ah, what advantage will it be to gain
The World, and plunge the Soul in Endless Pain!
Alas! Earths transient, vain, deluding Toys,
So fondly snatch'd at, for true lasting Joys,
Tho' (as by Rattles oft a Crying Child
Is for a season of the Breast beguil'd)
They seem to please, can never satiate
The Panting Soul, nor bring t'a Blessed State:

Why

Why should they thus be priz'd, *my Friend!* O seeing
Thou art the Off-spring of th' Eternal Being :
Whilst that the Lord of Lords invites thee, come,
Love him that will conduct thee safely home,
Unto himself; and in thy Heart reveal
Eternal Life, as the abiding Seal
Of his endeared Love: Then Heav'nly Joy
Shall Console thy Heart Eternally.

Alas, that thou hereby might'st rightly know
How the abounding Streams of Love do flow
To thee and others, with increasing Store;
Its Boundless Current streams and issues more
Than through the slender Conduit of a Quill,
In such small fable Channels can distill :
O may'st thou always at the Fountain dwell !
For it's unseal'd to wrestling *Israel*.

1678.

The

*The Fourth Epistle to Cousin F. R. in
Answer to one Received.*

THine I have now receiv'd, which manifests
Thou hast had some regard to my Requests;
And by these good Effects, dost testify,
Thou'rt not so much inclin'd to Vanity,
To Childish Sports, and Time-beguiling Play,
As thou hast been therein, and spent thy Day:
Endeared *Friend*, may'st thou be yet more Wise,
And let thy Mind find better Exercise;
That thou may'st learn, with diligence, to wait
To feel the Springing-Life Regenerate
Thy Soul; whereby thou'lt know no greater tryal
Can meet us here, than daily Self-denial:
Suffer we must, if we expect to Reign
With Christ, (or else our Expectation's vain)
In Sorrows, as in Joys, participate.
Alas! He never came to Consecrate
A Way for us to true Felicity,
Thro' curious Trims, and Silks of Princely Dy:
This Path is not bestrew'd with Golden Crowns,
Rich Coats of Arms, and Scepters of Renown;
Nor yet with Oriental Gems, that be
Such dazzling Sparks unto the Carnal Eye:
No, no; 'tis through the Cross we must obtain
The Crown of Glory; other hopes are vain.
This Men of Understanding knew of old,
And prudently disdain'd that Idol Gold:

Wise

Wife *Solon* told King *Cræsus* (when he sat
In Gaudy Pomp upon his Throne of State)
Doting upon his Wealth, in lofty Pride,
Expecting almost to be Deify'd)

That *Peacocks* with their spreading Plumes express
A greater Lustre in their Nat'ral Dress,
Than He in all his Glory; which, tho' he
Disdain'd to own, whilst in Prosperity,
Except with Frowns, nor car'd to meditate
So deep a Sentence: Sudden change of State
Thereto constrain'd, and taught him to confess,
'Tis neither Wealth nor Honour, that can bless
Man's Heart with true Content; but rather do
Betray, and bring to Misery and Wo.

Therefore delight not in these fading things,
Which suddenly may vanish as on Wings:
But let true Wisdom teach thee, (no Excuse
Avails to plead for precious Time's abuse)
That with an humble Spirit thou array
Thy self: This is a Robe will ne'er decay;
No outward Ornament can beautify,
As Lamb-like Meekness, inward Purity.

Now, tho' for what thou sensible dost seem
In thy Condition, thou of true esteem
Art no less worthy, Love doth here constrain,
With Heart and Pen, to be thus bold and plain;
And that because thy *Soliloquies* do
Express, what Truth obligeth thee unto,
The deep Engagements of thy Soul: O then!
Take heed, lest that alone with Tongue or Pen
Thou honour him, and Heart be far remov'd;
Or thou be found Perfidious, being prov'd:
'Tis not because I evidently see
The Symptoms of such Consequence in thee;

But

But, ah, the Stratagems and Subtilty
Of the Deceiver, our grand Enemy,
Are but too prevalent with some, except
True Watch and Ward within be always kept:
That thus my Exercised Heart indites
Unto thee; and my Hand, thus guided, writes,
With true Dependance on that Arm of Power,
Which is to *Isr'el's* Seed a Refuge-Tower.

And therefore, since thou hast in measure known
Engagement from above, thou'rt not thine own,
But purchas'd with a Price to serve the Lord,
The Price of Blood; therefore obey his Word:
Then shall he teach, instruct, and strengthen thee,
To follow him in true Sincerity;

And thou shalt daily know the blest'd increase
Of sacred Solace from the Prince of Peace:
And as thou hunger'st, daily may be fed
With finest of the Wheat, and Heav'nly Bread;
Yea, honey from the Rock, and drink new Wine,
Distilling from the true and living Vine;
And in its sweet Refreshing Shade sit down
In Rest and Peace, ascribing all Renown,
Honour, and Glory, unto *Judah's* Lion,
The meek, the spotless, holy Lamb of *Sion*.

1678.

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To Cousin P. S.

LOVE, that inviteth all Men, hath (I see)
Extended its Engaging Hand to thee,
Dear Child! Consider and incline thine Ear,
Bow down in Meekness, and thou'lt quickly hear
The *still small Voice*, which doth behind thee say,
Come, follow me, this is the Heav'nly Way,
Walk in it: Travel here, thou'lt not be weary,
(This Path leads on to *Sion's Sanctuary*)
But diligently waiting, shall renew
Thy Strength in Him, that's Holy, Just, and True,
The blessed Prince of Everlasting Peace,
Who, as obey'd, will plenteously increase
His daily Favours in thee, and reveal
His Holy Will, and strengthen to prevail
Against thine Enemies, that do surround
Thy Soul with Snares, whereby thy *Griefs* abound:
This is indeed the good Samaritan,
That binds up broken Hearts, and only can
Heal the afflicted; but he loves to see
Jacob bow down in deep Humility:
For then's the time of Love; He then extends
His Love to contrite Hearts; such he defends
With his Indwelling Presence: Therefore Fear
Always; for he delighteth to appear
To those that fear his Name, and faithful be
To what's made known; in *small things*, they shall see
Dominion over much, if they forsake
The Flatt'ring World, and Self, for Jesus sake,
Who

Who Suffer'd for us, and despis'd the Shame;
He's only worthy over all to Reign.
Stoop therefore to the Cross, and do not fear
What Earth can do, tho' Mortals scoff and jeer,
And persecute, as those have ever done,
That stubbornly Rebel against the Son
And Heir of Glory: Him they buffeted,
Revil'd and scorn'd; and on his Comely Head
They tauntingly did set a Crown of Thorn,
Whose Head the Crown of Glory doth adorn.
'Twas He, that for his Foes resign'd his Breath,
And by his Suffering conquer'd Hell and Death:
Therefore let's Suffer with him, that we may
Live in his Presence in th'Approaching Day;
When all his Adversaries shall become
But as a Footstool to be trampled on.

1679.

Contemplation.

ESTABLISHMENT in holy Fear,
That I may know my Darling near,
Is more to me
Than all the Pleasures Earth can boast,
Which are but Pleasing Pains at most,
And Fading Vanity.
O thou prevailing Prince of Peace!
Reveal still more the bless'd Increase
Of thy Authority
And Government, that shall remain,
But never end; that so thy Reign,
In Dread and Majesty,
May be Exalted over those
That would thy Conqu'ring Arm oppose;
But to the Joy
Of all that humbly wait in fear,
And love to see thee, Lord, appear
In perfect Purity.

1679.

An Epistle to M. J.

Beloved Friend, thy Welfare every Day,
 And Preservation in Truth's holy Way,
 Is heartily desir'd; and that in Fear,
 And holy Dread, thy Soul may persevere
 To travel *Sion's* Path in Purity,
 Learning to dwell in true Humility.
 Ah, let us both, in lowliness of Mind,
 Bow to the Pow'r, by which the Heart's inclin'd,
 With true Sincerity, to stand and wait,
 In Silence of all Flesh, at Wisdom's Gate;
 Until the Heav'nly Lawgiver appear,
 And in the Heart reveal his Counsel near;
 Who teacheth Meekness; never to repay
 Railing for Railing; but in Love to pray
 For those that do despightfully accuse us,
 And with Revilings frequently abuse us.
 When Spotless Inuocency was by Men
 Accus'd, and Truth condemn'd; O did he then,
 By Verbal Arguments with them, assay
 To justifie his upright Cause, or say
 The least Reviling Word? Nay, surely Nay. }
 How then dare any, whom his Boundless Love
 Hath once engag'd, if he be pleas'd to prove
 Their Faith by Trials, as in secret say,
We'll follow him in a more easie Way?
 Can we, without the *Cross*, expect the *Crown*
 Of Everlasting Glory and Renown?
 Nay verily, except the *Cross* do kill
 The Self-hood, and subdue the Carnal Will,

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How can we hope Eternally to Reign
 With Him, who by his Suff'rings overcame?
 'Tis not restraint from gross Iniquity,
 But Self-denial, inward Purity,
 And Holiness made perfect in his Fear,
 That finds acceptance, when he doth appear
 To Judge the Secrets of all Hearts, and bring
 Into the Presence of the highest King.
 Then 'tis the pure in Heart shall see the Lord,
 And sing Eternal Praise with one accord;
 Because they know that holy Name, whereby
 They were Redeem'd from all Iniquity;
 The Righteous enter Everlasting Joy.

1679.

Meditations.

O Love! Thou Substance of the Royal Law,
 Let thy sweet Influencing Power draw
 Our troubled Hearts, in true Humility,
 To wait on thee with holy Fervency:
 For thou our Souls hast often visited,
 That we might, by thy tender hand, be led
 From Darkness unto Light; from Enmity,
 Strife and Contention, unto Unity;
 In Undeiled, in Unfeigned Love;
 Which, tho' it may in Gentleness reprove,
 Or otherwise instruct, it covers all
 Faults and Offences; yea, if any fall
 Through Weakness, it bears up with ready Hand;
 And lends a Shoulder, till such learn to stand,

H

And

And walk more strongly : For it joys to see
Brethren to dwell in perfect Unity,
Only Contending who may most be found
In Lowliness, that Love may more abound.
But, ah, 'tis Hatred, Wrath, Revenge, and Strife,
Discovers Faults, strikes at the very Life;
Provoking oft one seeming Friend or Brother,
To bite, despise, if not devour another,
For empty Trifles; so that Vanity
Becomes Vexatious, and Perplexity
Of Spirit : For, as well observ'd by one,
All things are Vanity below the Sun ;
The Sun of Righteousness, which when it shines
With its Resplendent Conqu'ring Ray, refines
The drossy Nature ; rightly purifies
The Heart, consuming all Impurities ;
Whereby, at last, the Enmity is slain,
And Love exalted over all to Reign.
Great Prince of Peace ! Instruct our Souls to wait
To be Establish'd in this happy State ;
Where Joys abound, and Enmity does cease,
And Charity withal doth still increase ;
That, with thy dear Redeemed Ones, we may
Walk Hand in Hand in *Sion's* blessed Way ;
Where no Iniquity can e'er be found,
Nor Love wax cold, but more and more abound ;
Yea, Love that thinks no Evil, but doth seek
The Good of all, and teacheth to be meek ;
Not easily provoked, but in Peace
With all : Here Happiness shall still increase.
Then may our cheerful Souls triumph, and sing
Pure, holy, living Praise to *Salem's* King.

The Fifth Epistle to Cousin F. R.

WHEN I (endeared Cousin) meditate,
How Heav'n hath blest thee in thy tender State;
 Reading thy Lines, by Wisdom's Dictates pen'd;
 Which thou (by mutual Love engag'd) didst send;
 And weigh'rily reflect upon the (strange
 To Flesh and Blood! but) truly happy Change
 That's wrought in thee, by that Eternal Power,
 That (as a Father) leads to *Sion's* Tower,
 The Rock of Ages, Us, that went astray,
 Wand'ring like Pilgrims, that had lost their Way
 In some vast Desert, where the Savage Bear,
 And other Savage Beasts, range here and there,
 To seek their Prey: Yet by a sacred Hand
 They're brought t'a happy Habitable Land.
 Methinks we're bound to say, with one accord,
 Who can enough admire thy Goodness, Lord!
 O how can such but much esteem their Guide!
 Who, had their careless Steps but turn'd aside,
 And frowardly left the Discover'd Way,
 Had certainly become a wretched Prey
 To those Devourers: Ah! Such was our case,
 Had not th'Eternal led us by his Grace:
 Which, let us ne'er forget, but Praises sing
 To our most Gracious Guide, dear *Sion's* King:
 Who by his holy Life (the Light within
 Reveal'd) redeems Believing Hearts from Sin;
 And the Obedient to the Lord's Command,
 Shall eat the Good and Sweetness of the Land;

The Land of Promise, giv'n them to possess,
 (Though Murmurers fall in the Wilderness)
 Then shall they feel that *Life*, which as with Nerves
 And Joynts, unites, and tenderly preserves
 As Members of one Body ; so to give
 Due Service to the Head, in whom we live,
 By distribution of that precious Blood,
 Which to the Body is both *Life* and Food ;
 And tho' it may retire, yet soon again
 It circulates and flows through every Vein ;
 Renewing Warmth, encreasing Strength, whereby
 The Body flourishes in Unity.

As doubly thus engag'd, methinks I prize thee
 Much more than Pen and Ink can advertise thee:
 Then how can those, who feel these *Streams of Love*
 And *Life*, but prize each other far above
 Ontward Relations, yet rejoyce to see
 Them to partake of this blest'd Unity !
 Thus thou to me art now become more near
 Than formerly Related ; yea, as dear
 As Children of one Father, mutually
 Oblig'd to Breathe for the Prosperity
 And Welfare of each other, in the pure
 Eternal Love, which makes Election sure,
 And seals Salvation to us ; yea, I find
 My Soul, in Sympathizing Love, inclin'd,
 As for it self, so to desire for thee,
 That we in Faithfulness may ever be
 Preserv'd ; tho' Tribulations should attend,
Emmanuel, Almighty to defend,
 Is near ; yea, nearer than our Hearts expect,
 Tho' often undiscern'd through our neglect ;
 He's Omnipresent, tho' not always seen,
 For interposing Clouds may from us skreen

His

His Countenance: This he permits, to try
And prove our Love, our Chaste Fidelity.
But still he leaves us Pledges of his Love,
That, ah, methinks, nothing should ever move
Our firm engaged Hearts! Yet we, poor we,
Are weak, and subject to Infirmary;
Apt to forget his Favours, multiply'd
Towards us daily; apt to turn aside,
Did not his Blessed Arm protect, defend,
And still renew Engagements to depend
Only on Him, who loves unto the end.

1679.

The Sixth Epistle to Cousin F.R.

CAN I but frequently remember thee,
Endeared Friend, when I such dangers see,
That daily meet the Travellers that set
Their Faces *Sion*-ward? Can I forget
To Recommend thee to that Arm of Power,
That keeps Worm *Jacob*, as a Fenced Tower?
Nay, nay; Can any Heart but break or bleed,
To view th'Affliction of the holy Seed,
Which in that *Careless City is oppress'd,
Like to a tender Babe kept from the Breast?
Ah! Dreadful is the State of those, that lay
Such Stumbling-Blocks, to hinder from the Way
That leads to Life, and by a bare Profession
Discourage them that seek the true Possession.
O! Can Luke-warm *Laodicea* be
So Justify'd? No, no, the firm Decree,
Without Repentance, may not be Repeal'd;
What's done in Secret, soon shall be Reveal'd:

H 3

Ah,

Ah, let their Stumblings and Backslidings be
 A Caution, but no Stumbling-Block to thee!
 Wait in the Deep, to know Love's Streams distil,
 Like the refreshing Dew of *Hermon's* Hill:
 Then, as thou travell'st in the Valleys low,
 Where *Shitoh's* sacred Rivolet doth flow,
 Thou may'st be, by its quick'ning Influence,
 Preserved in an holy Living Sense
 Of Heav'nly Things: Which blessed Privilege,
 The Rage or Strength of Men can ne'er abridge
 Us of. Nor yet can I unmindful be
 Of my own State, whilst I admonish thee;
 But, sensible of Weakness, pity those
 Whom great Offences frequently oppose,
 To hinder them, if possible, that they
 Might not persist to travel *Sion's* Way.
 And as the wicked Spies, that falsely told
 Discouragements to *Israel* of old,
 Excluded both themselves, and likewise those
 That, with them, did by Unbelief oppose
 The Heav'nly Promise; tho' the Faithful were
 Conducted safe, and took Possession there,
 Ev'n in the Land that did with Sweetness flow;
 So do the Sloathful and the Careless now
 Raise Doubtings, and Distrust of Victory,
 In all that do not, with true Fervency,
 Press forward Cheerfully, with holy Fear,
 Knowing their Captain of Salvation near.
 O let the Love, which set the Heart on Fire
 To follow him, increase a true Desire
 In thee, to persevere unto the End;
 For *Isr'el's* King for ever will defend
 All that upon Him faithfully depend,

Meditations in Trouble.

A Las, when my distressed Mind,
Through secret drawings, is inclin'd,
Great King! to wait on thee;
O how the subtil Enemy
Presents fond Fancies, to entice aside
My Heart from true Stability;
So to despise true lasting Joys,
And entertain vain transitory Toys,
Which ne'er can satiate the Soul, when try'd.

O how would Sloath entice mine Eyes!
My weary Eyes to Sleep,
That had more cause to Weep,
Because the Solace of my Soul seems gone,
And left my Heart alone,
Surrounded with a Troop of Enemies.

O whither is he gone? Or where
Shall I go mourn, till he appear,
Who is my Life, my Love?
Alas, how shall I move
Him to return, that's secretly retir'd;
Like unto one displeas'd,
Who, till he be pleas'd,
My Heart cannot be eas'd;
He is one lovely, and to be admir'd!

How long, alas, my Love, my Life,
 Wilt thou with-hold the Influence
 Of thy Enam'ring Countenance,
 The Light of Life! Bow down thine Ear
 To an afflicted Heart, and hear
 Its Cries and Groans, and grant Relief.

Without thy Presence all's in vain;
 Alas! How long shall I complain?—
 The Cause of Grief is not from thee.
 Is there not some Iniquity,
 That keeps thus at a distance from my Love?
 Or art thou pleas'd to shroud
 Me thus, as in a Cloud?

How long, Lord, shall it be
 Before thou please to answer from above?

'Tis none but thee, thou Holy One!
 'Tis thy Prevailing Light alone
 Can rend the Vail, and all these Clouds remove;
 It's thou that grieves for me,
 And makes my Soul in Sympathy,
 Thus to pant after thee, thou God of Love.

1679.

Concerning

Concerning Trials,

A Las, How hard a thing
It is to bring
Into a true Subjection, Flesh and Blood,
Quietly to entertain
(And not complain)
Those Exercises that attend for Good!

My Life, my Joy, my Love,
If thus thou please to Prove
And Exercise my poor perplexed Mind,
Teach me to wait in Fear,
That I may learn to bear
What Trials may attend, of any kind:

And, guarded by thy Ray,
Walk in the Way,
That leads directly to the Throne of Grace;
Where, in Humility
Poor, I may be
Admitted to sit down i'th' Heav'nly Place:

And there to thee discharge
My Griefs at large,
As to a Bosom-Friend, that bears with me,
And often passes by
Faults of Infirmary:
Alas, I cannot bear too much for thee!

Then

Then work thy Blessed Will,
 So to fulfil
 Thy Sacred Counsel, for a further Trial;
 All Trials work for good
 (Tho' cross to Flesh and Blood)
 To them that follow thee in Self-denial;

Bearing the Cross; for so
 Thine come to know
 We have a just High Priest, that's pleas'd to be
 (Altho' he dwells above
 What Grief can move)
 Touch'd with a sense of our Infirmary.

Ah, let us ne'er forget,
 When sore beset
 With Tribulation, or when Snares surround,
 Humbly to lean to thee!
 Then shall we see
 The Joys of thy Salvation to abound.

So Living Praises due
 (Thou Holy, Just, and True)
 To thee, thy dear Redeemed may proclaim,
 And in Sincerity
 May Magnify,
 With Heart and Tongue, thy great Eternal Name.

1679.

*Amen.**A Meditation*

A Meditation in Retirement.

O Thou, great *King of Kings*, arise and Reign!
Except thy *Vertue* springs, all *Worship*'s vain;
Except thy Quick'ning Life be felt to rise,
There's none can offer up a Sacrifice,
That finds acceptance with so great a King:
And then, who dare into thy Presence bring
The Blemished, the Maimed, or the Blind,
Which with an Earthly Prince could never find
Any Regard; but rather for the same,
Severe Chastizement, with Rebuke and Shame.
O let thy holy Power operate
Within thy Temple, thou Immaculate
Holy, High Priest! O let thy Hand prepare
The Sacrifice! Then *Isr'el* may not fear
To find Admittance to the Royal Throne;
Thou'lt smell the Sweetness, and accept thy own:
We'll wait in Patience, and depend on thee,
Thou only canst Rebuke the Enemy;
That old Deceiver, Satan, though he stand
Among thy Children, as at the right Hand
Of *Joshua*; 'tis thy own Arm alone
Can save the Brand pluck'd from the Fire, or none.
'Tis thou that tak'st the filthy Garment from us,
And in thy Love art pleas'd to put upon us
Thy Royal Robe of Righteousness, whereby
We find access before thy Majesty,
To touch thy Glorious Scepter, and appear
Before the Throne of Grace; where, over Fear,
Love

Love sweetly hath prevail'd : Yet shall there be
 An holy Awe in all that worship thee,
 An humble (deep-engaged) Filial Fear,
 As to a tender Father, from his dear
 Obedient Off-spring; watchful to attend
 His holy Precepts; fearful to offend,
 For very Love; not as in Slavery,
 Dreading the Laws of just Severity;
 But as by Love engag'd, which fills the Breast
 With Satisfaction, not to be express'd
 With Mortal Tongue; as thou wast pleased, by
 Th'Apostle, whom thou lov'dst, to signify.
 We're now thy Sons, *Great King!* but who can tell
 What we shall be hereafter, when we dwell
 With thee in Glory? Can the Hand of Man
 Measure the Fulness of the Ocean?
 Then may a Finite Engine testify
 The Boundless Splendor of Eternity.

1679.

OF MODESTY.

SOME covet to be deck'd in Rich Attire,
With Gold and Pearl, that others may admire,
Esteem, and honour them; and that they may
Advance a Beauty, that will soon decay.
If Imperfections did not lodge within,
What mean these Deckings of the fading Skin?
They, in whose noble Breast true Vertue dwells,
Need not so much t'adorn their outward Shells;
For Modesty doth many ways express,
To all Observers, innate Comeliness:
Modest Attire, and Meekness, signify
A Mind compos'd of Native Purity.
Needs no Appendices so to set forth
A Jewel of a more admired worth,
Than *Indian* Mines can boast; those beautify
A Sepulchre, and make it fair to th' Eye;
But this shews Innate Worth, and adds thereto
Such Lustre, those alone could never shew:
For where there is a Chaste Retired Mind,
Th'Apparel, Gesture, Speech, and Look's confin'd
Within the Bounds of Modesty, proclaim
An Upright Heart, kept clear from Spot or Stain:
This both adorns the Gravity of Age,
And doth in Blooming Years timely presage
A right Heroick Heart; where Liberty,
That's inconsistent with true Modesty,
Is not desir'd: Such study to behave
Themselves Discreetly, Modest, Meek, and Grave;
But

But if a Smile appear, such as a Child
 Reflects on's Mother, in Love undefil'd,
 'Tis guarded with such simple Innocence,
 As gives no just occasion of Offence.
 For Modesty in Covenant doth bind
 The Eyes, lest they prove Traytors to the Mind;
 But ne'er instructs the Hand to plant a Snare,
 Lay Nets with gaudy Garments, plaited Hair,
 Or other Golden Superfluities,
 To captivate vain Hearts, and wand'ring Eyes.
 No, it abhors whatever seems to be
 A Blemish unto Chaste Simplicity:
 Yet proves it self a far more Potent Charm,
 Than wanton Looks; but daunts approaching harm,
 Like some strong Fortrefs, whence the Enemy
 Retreats, despairing of a Victory.
 Thus Modesty, and Spotless Innocence,
 Is often to its self a sure Defence.
 This is the Virgin's Ornament, whereby
 Beauty's adorn'd; for this doth Beautify,
 Where fading Colours flourish not, and may
 Be term'd a *Dem'r*, whose Worth shall ne'er decay.
 Sure Men, as Men, cannot forget to prize it;
 Tho' some, as Bruits, not minding it, despise it;
 Else would their Words and Gesture rarely be
 So Poysonous, with gross Impiety:
 Obscene Discourse, that horrid Smoak that fumes
 From scorching Darkness, that within consumes
 Some broyl'd tormented Hearts, cannot proceed
 From a *Chaste Breast*; no Rose brings forth a Weed.
 For this doth always constantly retain
 Such an abhorrence of all frothy, vain,
 Absurd Expressions, that 'twill manifest,
 The sad Resentment of a troubled Breast,

In Crimson Colours; which do oft appear
 In modest Blushes, when th' unwilling Ear
 Is made partaker of such words as be
 A bold Affront to Spotless Modesty.
 Altho' there doth no inward Guilt upbraid,
 Or bring Indictment; yet, with Looks dismay'd,
 They signify Disgust, and seem to fear
 They should be Censur'd, being present where
 Such Words were utter'd (tho' injuriously)
 As one with them in the Conspiracy.
 Some say, 'Tis *Treason* but to lend an Ear
 To *Treasonable Speeches*, and forbear
 T'Accuse, or else to leave the Company.
 Thus Chaste *Clitomachus*, through Modesty
 Quickly departing, shew'd that he abhorr'd
 The needless Guilt of an Uncivil Word,
 When'er he heard it; and 'twas worthily
 Recorded, to instruct Posterity.
 For tho' the Dictates in each Humane Breast,
 Would, if observ'd, teach all Men to detest
 Such Criminal Expressions, as declare
 Their Owners odious to a Modest Ear;
 Yet Precedents of Vertue may be found
 Of good Effect, when those of Vice abound.
 Nor let it seem to any sober Mind
 A Paradox, that Modesty should find
 A place in either Sex, altho' it be
 Ascribed to the one peculiarly.

Reason, that honours Mankind more than Beast,
 Gives forth its Laws and Dictates in each Breast;
 Vertue should therefore in both Sexes dwell;
 Some may in these, and some in those excel:
 Yet this, with many more, are not confin'd
 To either solely; but the prudent Mind

In

In both embrace it; for it Regulates
 Deportment both in high and low Estates:
 For where she dwells, insulting Arrogance,
 Or any unbecoming Confidence,
 Must not remain, lest these defile and stain
 The Heart, where Vertue should prevail and reign;
 That Modesty may, by ics Influence,
 Hide and avoid occasion of Offence.
 As Scripture-Record to Posterity,
 Doth Chronicle the Virgin Modesty
 Of *Shem* and *Japhet*, who went back to hide
 The Nakedness their Brother did deride;
 On whom the Curse became thereby entail'd
 To after-Ages, but a Blessing seal'd
 To them, and to their Progeny, whose Names
 (Like to a precious Ointment, that retains
 Its fragrancy) shall still inherit Praise,
 And be a Precedent to latter Days.
 For tho' the Memory of some doth rot,
 Vertue shall live, and never be forgot:
 The Wise in Heart esteem it, and thereby
 Order their Conversation prudently;
 And would not an unseemly Act commit,
 Tho' Mortal Eye should ne'er discover it:
 For Modesty, that in their Bosom reigns,
 Detests and loaths whatever spots or stains;
 Restraining from all Rudeness, it inclines
 To Gravity and Meekness, and refines
 The Language; intimating, that we should
 Be swift to hear, but never over-bold
 To speak, tho' Eloquent; and then take heed,
 Lest Words extravagantly may exceed
 A mild and civil Tone; for spoken loud,
 They seem to Summons-in the list'ning Crowd:

Not

Nor should they favour of Scurrility;
For these are not th' Effects of Modesty,
Which never can delight in Calumnies,
Abusing others with Tongue-Injuries,
Although revil'd: Civility disdains
To vie in Folly, where no Prize pertains
Unto the Victors; the true Noble Mind
Conquers a Wrong by Patience, is resign'd
For Vertue's sake to bear, that Reason may
Be Re-enthron'd, and Passion pass away.
Th' Examples, which the Ancients did afford
Hereto, are many, left upon Record;
For Civil Natures dictates in each Breast,
Do far exceed what here can be express'd.

1679.

Meditation.

Alas, Alas! This Day
Seems almost past away;
What shall I say? My Love
Doth hide his Face from me,
Who Sorrows in Perplexity:
Ah, shall not Sighs and Groans prevail to move
Unto Compassion? Shall
My drooping Spirit call
And cry, but find no Ear,
No Entrance, no Access,
To ease my Heart in great Distress?
Ah, Lord! How long canst thou forbear to hear?

Great Dreadful Majesty,
Whose Omnipotency

Is Omnipresent! Doth not Love
Always abound with thee?

Yea surely, though it be
Thine holy Pleasure thus sometimes to prove.

Especially when we
Have slighted thee,

Or to thine Enemy inclin'd,
Or have not kept retir'd,
Nor fervently desir'd

Thy Prefence with a right composed Mind.

Yet, O my Chiefest Love!

Thy rowling Bowels move,

And thee to Pity now constrain,
Thy Condescending Ear
Could not forget to hear,

Nor shall Worm Jacob's Seed for Want complain.

Worthy art thou to be
Sought to in Fervency;

The Careless Ones shall not prevail:

Thou, Gracious Prince indeed,
Favours the Wrestling Seed;

This, in its Expectation, cannot fail.

Thy sweet Encouragement
In season does prevent

All Doubtings and Distrust that can
Arise, if faithfully

Our Hearts depend on thee;

Thou waits to manifest thy Love to Man.

O teach

O teach my Soul to wait
 At th' Posts of Wisdom's Gate,
 In holy Fear! So to be found
 Prepar'd to meet with thee
 In true Sincerity,
 In whose sweet Presence Heav'nly Joys abound.
 1679.

On ELIJAH.

O How th'Eternal Goodness from above
 Distils upon his Children show'rs of Love!
 And in the midst of Trials manifests
 Supporting Solace in their Panting Breasts;
 Engaging those, whom chiefly he designs,
 To set for Witnesses in Trying Times;
 Refreshing, feeding, strength'ning, and directing
 Safely, with his Indulgent Arm protecting,
 And hiding in the hollow of his Hand,
 Those that are faithful to his just Command.
 Thus was that holy Prophet of the Lord,
Elijah, shelt'ed from the threatning Sword
 Of cruel *Jezabel*, whose raging Breath
 Had vow'd, by all her Idols, sudden Death
 Unto this Man of God (although in vain)
 For seeking to lead *Isr'el* back again
 Unto the Lord, who then were gone astray,
 And wandred in a dark forbidden Way:
 Th'Almighty's sacred Power did surround
 And guard him, but his Enemies confound.

Now, tho' *Elijah* thought himself alone,
 Surviving all true Prophets, and that none
 Were left but him, there was *Seven Thousand* more
 Preserv'd alive, that only did adore
 The God of *Jacob*, would not bow the Knee
 Unto, or worship *Baal's* false Deity.
 This Heav'n reveal'd unto him, when he fate,
 As one in Sorrow, in dejected State;
 Because the Sacred Name was then revil'd
 By Priests of *Baal*, the holy Prophets kill'd:
 For thus the Lord doth in his Wisdom try
 The utmost of Man's Wrath and Cruelty,
 As may conduce to th'Honour of his Name,
 But the remainder shall his Arm restrain.
 And though that be permitted to extend
 Affliction to the Body, put an end
 To poor Mortality, here is Man's Rage
 Confin'd; whilst from a weary Pilgrimage,
 Th'Immortal Soul releas'd, arrives with Joy
 Unto the Haven of Felicity,
 Where the more Noble Soul lives to survive
 Those short-liv'd Sorrows, and forgets to grieve;
 Whose Everlasting Glory doth transcend
 Expression, or what Man can comprehend:
 Yet when th'Eternal pleaseth to oppose
 The base Designs and Stratagems of those
 That would destroy, or wickedly suppress
 His Faithful Ones, whom he intends to Bless,
 He soon can blast their Projects, and confound
 Their chiefest Agents; with a Word, surround
 His own, as with a bright Celestial Host
 Of Seraphims. Let not the Mighty boast
 Themselves in Strength: Can Man resist his Hand?
 The Thorns and renting Bryars then may stand

In Battle, to oppose Consuming Fire.
Let *Ifr'el* bow before him, and admire
His mighty Arm, and magnify his Name:
He guardeth whom he will; his Pow'r's the same,
Which formerly the holy Prophet fed,
And by th' obsequious Ravens sent him Bread;
Yea, Bread and Flesh, early and late, they brought
Him, who his Maker's Glory chiefly sought;
And for his Drink, Brook *Cherith* did supply
With Water; which, for want of Rain, grown dry,
Unto *Zarephtha*, by Command, he came,
Where a poor Widow (tho' to entertain
A Guest, but meanly furnish'd) did receive
The Prophet; and, through Faith, she freely gave
Part of her small, her almost wasted Store,
Which she had thought a little time before
To dress for her, and for her Son, thereby
To be refresh'd, and shortly after Dye;
Not knowing of so strange Increase, until
The holy Man, that knew the Heav'nly Will,
Did, by Divine Authority, proclaim,
That till the Lord was pleas'd to send down Rain
(Which then with-held, for the Iniquity
That did abound, had brought th' Extremity
Of Dearth and Famine) her small Stock of Meal,
And little Cruise of Oyl, should never fail;
Which she believing, from the Holy Word,
Liv'd to admire the Wonders of the Lord
Upon her Son, whom, when depriv'd of Breath,
Elijah did prevail to call from Death,
By fervent Supplication to that Pow'r
That can the Dead to Life again restore;
That unto her it might not seem to be
Hard Measure for her Hospitality.

Thence, by Commission from above, he came
To bring glad tidings of long-sought-for Rain;
That *Israel* might yet again incline
To seek the Lord, who by his Power divine,
Gives or with-holds a Blessing; and might learn,
By those and other Wonders, to discern
The Living God from Idols, who alone
Answers by Fire from's Imperial Throne,
As then 'twas prov'd, to their amaze and shame:
Yet when some sought the Prophet to be slain,
He to the Wilderness again retir'd,
Where, tho' he, as in Agony, desir'd
The Lord to take away his Life; yet there,
To comfort him; an Angel did appear;
Who, touching him, bad him arise and take
What he found ready there; which was a Cake
Bak'd on the Coals: O who can but admire
How there the Cake was Bak'd on Coals of Fire!
For which he took no care; and for his Drink,
A Cruise of Water set! Ah, who would think
The King of Kings should be concern'd for these
Small matters for poor Man! who, if he please,
Can well support, without the Strength of Bread,
As then he did that holy Prophet lead
Through th' Sandy Defart forty days, until
He came to *Horeb's* Mount, the sacred Hill,
Where, resting in a Cave, the great Command
Then given to him was, *Go forth and stand
Before the Lord, his Wonders to admire;*
The rending Wind, the Earthquake, and the Fire,
Pass'd by, but he in none of these did see
Such Soul-amazing dreadful Majesty,
As in the still small Voice; then, as with Dread
And Reverence, his Face he covered,

Or wrapped in his Mantle, stood to hear
 What more the Lord was pleased to declare,
 Or to command him; that he humbly might
 Obey his Precepts, which was his delight.
 Thus was he treated by the Holy One,
 And afterwards caught up unto his Throne,
 As in a Fiery Chariot, where, above
 All Grief, he Joys in pure Eternal Love:
 Yet who dare say, that for his sake alone,
 Such great, such glorious Wonders then were done?
 Did not th'Eternal Wisdom signify
 His Boundless, his all-Conqu'ring Love, thereby
 To all his Faithful Servants? Ah, Can He
 Cease to be Gracious, or Unmindful be
 Of his afflicted tribulated Ones?
 Nay surely, he hath own'd them for his Sons
 And for his Daughters; and if they be found
 Faithful to Death, they shall with Life be Crown'd:
 For he delights to Glorify his Name
 Amidst the Heathen: Therefore 'tis in vain
 For Men to Curse whom he designs to Bless,
 Or by their Laws to hinder Righteousness
 From running like a Stream; tho' formerly
 They pleaded Law, whereby the Just must dye;
 Who now, and ever, lives sole King of Kings,
 To whom the *Angels* Hallelujah sings.

Of CHASTITY.

Vertue's its own Reward; and Innocence,
 Where'er it dwells, a Fortrefs of Defence;
 And in the Confines of pure Chastity,
 The Heav'n Born Soul finds joyful Liberty,
 And pleasant Freedom; far surpassing all
 The Latitude of base, luxurious Thrall,
 Wherein the captivated Heart's inclin'd
 To dote on Trifles, where it cannot find
 True Solace, suiting the Nobility
 Of that which sprung from Immortality:
 Then why should any, stiled Rational,
 So slight their Princely Great Original,
 As to sit down content, to equalize
 Themselves to Bruits, and sordidly despise
 Enjoyments more sublime, which gratify
 The Noble Intellectual Faculty,
 Proper alone to Creatures Rational?
 To be preferr'd before those Criminal
 Polluting Pleasures, which do so incense
 The injur'd (if not feared) Conscience,
 As much allays their present seeming Joys,
 And feeds the gnawing Worm that never dyes;
 Whilst prudent Minds delight to Contemplate
 The Wisdom of that Pow'r, that did Create
 And Form the Universe: The Mystery
 Of Natures scarce observed Harmony,
 And that Intrinsic Vertue, that is found
 In some familiar Concrets to abound,

Brings

Brings a Delight inferiour to none,
Save the Indwelling of that Lord alone,
That gives the Knowledge of them, and did frame
Them, to the Glory of his holy Name:
The sweet Experience whereof, I find,
Is, by a Noble and Ingenious Mind,
Acknowledged; asserting it to raise
The Heart, to celebrate their Maker's Praise.
Why then should so much Time, Expend, and Cost,
Be on some vain deluding Objects lost?
Which, as with Chains, do bind in Slavery,
And overwhelm, in gross Impurity,
Some doting Mortals, whose depraved Sense
Can taste no Pleasures, not derived thence.
But where unstained Chastity doth reign,
The Mind kept pure, is apt to entertain
Joys more refin'd; and then, if any rude
Disturbing Thought would secretly intrude,
'Tis soon expell'd, and banish'd from that Breast,
Where Chastity hath taken up her rest:
For here the Thoughts, the Words and Actions be
Well season'd, with an awful Gravity;
The good Effects of an Internal Law,
Which doth, by its prevailing Precepts, draw
Unto Obedience; whose Recompence
Doth far surmount all transient Joys of Sense:
Yet, ah, how many make it their Design,
T'entice the Soul, and lead beyond the Line
Of Innate Law, through pleasant Confidence,
Bringing at last to Boundless Impudence;
That Enemy to Vertue, that Prophane
Preludium unto a Tragick Scene,
Which doth by Heart-beguiling Pastimes bring
The yielding Captives to the wounding Sting

Of

Of inward Horror, a tormenting Pain,
 That frets their Hearts, involv'd in lasting Shame;
 Whilst Peace and Honour evermore remains
 To them, in whose chaste Breast true *Vertue* reigns.
 Both Sexes are adorn'd by Chastity,
 For, as Recorded to Posterity,
 Great Heroes, for their Valour much renown'd,
 If in their Princely Bosoms this was found,
 As by a Law to limit; such did gain
 A more enobling Lustre to their Name :
 But those, from whom great Armies conquer'd fled,
 That by a wanton Heart were vanquish'd,
 (Though Fortitude is not to be forgot)
 This to their Names is a perpetual Blot.
 Who conquers Self, *Vertue* more Noble calls,
 Than he that overthrows the strongest Walls:
 Then for the Blushing Sex, what Tongue can tell
 The Infamy that on her Name shall dwell,
 That wants the Ornament of Chastity?
 'Tis a Reproach unto her Memory :
 But she that keeps her Mind retir'd and chaste,
 Her Praise shall flourish; Fame nor Envy's blast
 Can never blemish it; that Happy Peace,
 That in her Bosom lives, shall never cease.
 This therefore is to some a Pearl as dear
 As Life; and such do less regard or fear
 The loss of Life, and all, than once to stain
 Their chaste reserved Souls, with guilt and shame.
 Thus fair *Matilda* rather chose to dye
 A Martyr to her Spotless Chastity,
 Than with a gnawing Guilt and Horror live
 In all the Pleasures that a Court can give;
 Who, tho' with Mortals she be ceas'd to dwell,
 She lives where Joys Immortal do excel

All Vanities on Earth; and here her Name
Doth still in Honour and Esteem remain.
Vertue bestows a Crown of Endless Praise
On all that to it Consecrate their Days.

1679.

Of a FRIEND.

IF I to Love would be inclin'd,
And, without seeking, knew to find
One, whose unblemish'd Outward Case,
Princely Deportment, Comely Grace,
Might unto each observant Eye
Denote the true Nobility
Of an Heroick Heart and Mind,
(From sordid Vanity sublim'd)
Sincerely Pious, Loyal, Chaste,
And with such Inward Peace possess,
That Blust'ring Storms could ne'er prevent
True Inward Solace and Content:
Whom Prosp'rous Lot exalts not high,
Nor can a cross Adversity
Much discompose; observing well,
That all things here are mutable;
Who rightly knows to prize a Friend,
Without a base sinister End.
And though a Competency here
Of needful things, without much care
Enjoying, knows Treasure laid up,
Secur'd from Theft, and Moths corrupt;
Yet here, in Visibles, can see
The Wisdom of Eternity;

And

And knowing Rule, and Ruling know,
 In true Dominion things below;
 Meek, though Majestick; Valiant, and
 That Self and Passion can command:
 Rich in all Vertues, to compleat
 A Noble Heart, more Good than Great;
 'Tis such an one as this shall be
 Much Honour'd, and Esteem'd by me.

A Meditation.

(from me?)

AH, Lord! Why hid'st thou now thy Face
 My Soul expects no Comfort but from thee;
 No Joy, but Grief; no Solace can be found,
 But Soul-distracting Sorrows still abound
 Within my troubled Breast; if thou retire,
 Or hide thy Face, all my Delights expire.
 How can I Live, except thy Quick'ning Breath
 Breathe on me, and subdue the Pow'r of Death?
 Ah, let my Heart thy Holy Ghost receive,
 That so a Resurrection from the Grave
 I may not only know, but be renew'd
 In strength, to press ev'n through a Multitude
 Of Tribulations, Lord, to follow thee!
 Which if they sometimes as a trial be,
 To prove the Love, whereto thou dost engage
 My Heart and Soul, in this Backsliding Age,
 Let many Waters never quench the flame,
 But rather be as Oyl pour'd on the Flame;
 Which quickens, not extinguisheth the Fire;
 So may these Trials rouse my dull Desire

Still

Still more and more in Fervency to move
 And tend to thee, thou pure Eternal Love:
 For, ah, the warmth of thy Enliv'ning Ray,
 Proclaims the Dawning of th'Eternal Day;
 Which secretly Incourages to bear
 These light Afflictions; for the Day draws near,
 Wherein shall be a Glory (far transcending
 These Griefs) reveal'd, a Glory never ending:
 But, Lord, support me; there's no Trial can
 So far perplex, that on the outward Man
 May be impos'd; no Sorrow that can be
 Like the withdrawing of thy self from me:
 Thou only art the Solace of my Soul,
 To thee let my distressed Heart condole
 Her Troubles; for there's none like that, when thou
 With Frowns beclouds the Brightness of thy brow;
 Or secretly with-holds the Glorious Ray,
 Which is my Sun and Shield, my Strength and Stay;
 My chiefest Counsellor, mine All: Ah, then
 How can my Troubles be described by Pen!
 The Threats of this vain World shall not afflict me,
 Except the Darling of my Soul reject me:
 For it's thine Absence is the greatest Grief,
 Thy loving Presence is a true Relief.
 O 'tis my long'd-for Joy, mine only One!
 This Blessing therefore grant me, Lord, or none.
 O 'tis thy Love that thus engageth me,
 To wrestle with, and follow after thee!
 And tho' to prove me, thou may'st tarry long,
 Preserve in Patience, let me never wrong
 Thy Favours, so as once to entertain
 Another Lover, or to turn again
 In Heart to *Egypt*: Can her Garlick be
 Of any pleasant Savour now to me,

Or

Or any other Soul, that once hath fed
 On Manna-Delicates, or Angels Bread?
 Which even in the Desert thou affords
 Abundantly, as Holy Writ records
 Thou didst of Old: No, no, 'twas Penury
 Enforced (in that Land of Slavery)
 To feed thereon. If thy indulgent Care
 Provide, and feed my Soul with better Fare,
 Teach me to prize thy Love; 'tis now the same;
 To *Isr'el's* Seed, thou say'st not, *Wait in vain*;
 But thou appear'st, who always do'st regard
 Thy Breathing Babes, and with thee thy Reward
 Of inward Comfort's known, with an Increase
 Of Joy, and Earnest of Eternal Peace,
 To those that keep thy Covenant; to them
 Thy Promises are all Yea and Amen.

1680.

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Of the Rainbow.

O How Stupendious are thy Wonders, Lord,
Which thou Effectest by thy Living Word!
How Gloriously Presented every where,
Do they to the discerning Eye appear!
Which, as it views the Outside, may discover
The Inward Wonder, by the Shell vail'd over.
Hath not each Visible a Mystery?
Doth not each Herb proclaim a Deity?
Which, with so fine an Essence, gave it Birth,
Out of the gross dark Bowels of the Earth.
If these familiar little Creatures be
Such cause of Admiration, what may we
Observe in this vast Concave of the Sky,
So full of Wonders to a Searching Eye?
Do not the Heav'nly Orbs declare thy Glory,
Great King, as in an Universal Story?
Sun, Moon and Stars do, by their Light, proclaim
A Power divine, and magnify thy Name:
Can then this curious Semi-circle, deck'd
With such pure undy'd Colours, but affect
Our Hearts with *Dread* and *Wonder*? Can a Sign
Of such Concern and Glory (by Divine
Authority plac'd in the Firmament,
To signify that Gracious Covenant,
Which, for thy Goodness, for thy Mercy's sake,
Thou, in thy tender Pity, pleas'd to make
With poor Ungrateful Mortals, that thereby
They might believe, Floods should no more destroy
All

All Animals) pass unobserv'd ? Though Man,
 Through his ambitious Ignorance, began
 Soon to insult, altho' in vain ; his Power
 And Policy, both fail'd at *Babel's* Tower :
 Yet hast thou not remov'd this signal Token
 Of thy endearing Love ; nor rashly broken
 Thy lasting Cov'nant ; but thereby dost shew,
 That thou alone art Faithful, Just and True.
 O can this great Memorial to the Nation,
 The *Rainbow*, but excite our Admiration,
 When it appears ! Were not the Signs of Heaven,
 And Wonders in the Earth, ordain'd and given
 For more sublime Designs, than only be
 Look'd at, and gaz'd on, by Mortality ?
 Did not the great Apostle once attest,
That things invisible are manifest
By those that do appear ? Did not hereby
 Some of the *Gentiles* learn Divinity ?
 Why may they not as well excite and raise
 Our Hearts, to celebrate the Author's Praise ?

1680.

Of CONTENT.

WHO seeks a Prize where 'tis not to be found,
 Makes his Confusion but the more abound :
 So they that dote on Riches that have Wings,
 Or any other transitory things,
 Do but with great perplexing Cares prevent
 That which they most pretend to seek, *Content*.
 Where may it then be sought? Behold, it lies
 Hid, as a Treasure, from the Vult'rous Eyes :
 Yet there's a Garden where this Plant doth grow,
 Which who desires to find, must learn to know
 A Heart that's well refin'd and purify'd
 From high-aspiring discontented Pride ;
 Disdaining to admire that Idol, Gold,
 But can, as with undazled Eyes, behold
 Its Earth-bred Lustre ; knowing how to use it,
 Not hoarding it to rust, that's to abuse it ;
 That cannot for vile Pleasures prostitute
 The noble Soul to grovle with the Brute ;
 That cannot be so bound to Humane Fashion,
 As to be over-sway'd with Furious Passion :
 But doth, as with a well-composed Mind,
 Hear Self revil'd and scorn'd ; yet not inclin'd
 Unto Revenge, but still refers the wrong
 To Him, to whom all Vengeance doth belong ;
 And can in inward Purity rejoyce,
 Tho' Vertue's branded with the Name of *Vice* ;
 That doth in Joy such equal Temper know,
 That Sorrow cannot make it stoop too low,

K

Nor

Nor be afraid, altho' the World should frown;
 Nor yet forget himself, through vain Renown;
 That counts an Injury worth no Reward,
 Save only this, a Noble Disregard;
 That's unto slavish Fear so much a Stranger,
 That it undaunted meets approaching Danger;
 Yea, high and low Estates can calmly bear,
 Without Disturbance or distracting Care;
 That honours Vertue, though in Poverty,
 Rather than Vice, puff'd up with Dignity;
 Whose equal Justice cannot vex his Foe,
 Nor spare his Friend, if that his Cause says, No;
 Who, tho' in Pow'r, would not inflict a Wrong;
 Nor yet can see th' Oppressed suffer long,
 Without Relief; but cheerfully doth lend
 A Helping-hand to Enemy or Friend;
 Whose Word's more binding than a Golden Chain,
 Who steadfast to his Promise doth remain;
 And will perform it, tho' no Ear attend,
 To testify betwixt him and his Friend;
 Who, in great multiplicity, can find
 A calm and wisely-recollected Mind;
 Knowing, that Heav'n did never This ordain
 A Slave to Earth, but over it to reign:
 And having Treasure, which no Rust can rot,
 Doth use the World, as if he us'd it not:
 And cheerfully submit to Providence,
 (Not by constraint) in what it doth dispence;
 Whether in Storms or Trials; for he knows
 That Promis'd Comforts appertain to those
 That mourn; or if his Lord and Master please,
 Can Joy in Sun-shine, or more prosp'rous Days;
 Knowing th' Eternal Wisdom never errs,
 Therefore sincerely in his Thoughts prefers

That

That Will before his own ; so comes to learn,
Wisdom and Love in all things to discern ;
Who need not boast what *Ancestors* have been,
When all their Vertues shine more bright in him ;
Which is a greater Honour than to be
The Refuse of some Famous Pedigree ;
This knows such *Peace* the World can ne'er prevent,
Here's that much sought-for, durable *Content*.

1680.

An Epistle to M. R.

THIS Opportunity did me invite, (write
Dear Cousin, (tho' with Scribbling Pen) to
These Lines unto thee, thus to manifest
I have not yet excluded from my Breast
Th' Remembrance of thee, neither Time nor Place,
Though far remote, should cancel or deface
The Monument of Friendship in that Mind,
That is to th' Everlasting Truth inclin'd.
O may this always our Instructor be !
Then shall we live in constant Amity :
Let *Truth* in th' Inward Part be always dear
Unto thee, then thy Counsellor is near ;
Who will instruct thee, how thou may'st behave
Thy self at all times, modest, meek, and grave ;
That thou may'st find that *Peace*, which doth excel
All Visible Enjoyments, and so dwell
In Undeiled Love, that will attend
The truly humble Heart unto the end.

An Epistle to Cousin J. R.

Could pious *Paul* desire that dreadful State,
 To be anathemiz'd, or separate
 From Jesus Christ, his high esteemed Lord,
 For *Isr'elites*, to whom the Heavenly Word,
 The Promises and Law, did appertain,
 The People unto whom the Cov'nants came,
 His Kindred in the Flesh? Then how can I
 Be unconcern'd for thee, my near Ally?
 No, no; for Love, the Universal Love,
 Which tenderly doth visit from above,
 Desires the good of all; takes no delight
 That Sinners die in Sin, but doth invite
 All to return to Him, and Live; for He
 Hath promis'd their Iniquity shall be
 Forgotten, they in Righteousness shall live;
 And He, to them that overcomes, will give
 A Crown of Life; yea, they shall splendidly
 Be cloath'd with Robes of Immortality.
 Consider well these things, *my Friend*, and learn
 To know what chiefly is thy great Concern;
 That Noble Off-spring of the Deity,
 Why should it be seduc'd with Vanity?
 O come, and in true lowliness of Mind,
 Receive Instruction! *Seek, and ye shall find,*
 Is a Sufficient Warrant to begin
 To seek the piece of Silver, hid within
 The House, thy Heart; Redeem thy precious Time,
 And find it out. O let thy Mind incline
 Unto

Unto the Voice, that doth in secret say,
 As one behind thee, *This is Wisdom's Way,*
Walk in it; this will lead to lasting Joys;
 Despise them not for transitory Toys.
 Aim'st thou at Honour? Know, a sudden Puff
 Blasts it, and often leaves a Stinking Snuff.
 Ah, see'st thou not, that here all vain Renown
 Is dash'd and disannulled with a Frown?
 Seek Honour from above, and fear the Lord,
 And hearken to his holy living Word,
 Hid in thy Heart, that frequently reproves:
Wisdom rebukes, and chastens whom she loves.
 But where there's no Reproof, there's cause of fear,
 Lest that the Holy One cease striving there:
 Such may too late bewail themselves, and say,
 O that I might be spar'd another Day!
 What can a wounded Spirit satiate,
 When Soul and Body must be separate?
 Whilst therefore Time doth unto thee remain,
 Take up the Cross, and own that holy Name,
 Christ crucify'd, and risen from the Grave,
 Whose *Life's the Light of Men*, that comes to save.
 But what avails to read the History!
 In silence learn to know the Mystery:
 For inwardly the Heart's defil'd with Sin,
 Therefore Salvation must be wrought within,
 By that which humbles, and that boweth down
 To Judgment; first the Cross, and then the Crown.
 The *Word* is as a Fire to purify
 The Heart of Man from all Iniquity,
 Before it be a Word of Consolation,
 And bring the Soul glad tidings of Salvation.
 All this (*I hope*) thou know'st; but he that knows it
 Is not thereby approv'd, but he that does it:

The Doer of the Word is Justify'd,
 Because he by the same is Sanctify'd.
 Slight not the *day of small things*, lest there be
 Greater with-holden and conceal'd from thee.
 Was it not said, when *Ephr'im* was a Child,
I loved him (that's lowly, meek, and mild?)
 O be not high and lofty, but come down,
 With quick *Zacheus*, if thou'lt gain the Crown
 Of Life and Peace! Hark, doth not Jesus say,
Salvation's come unto thy House this day?
 If thou'lt receive it, cast it not away.

1680.

An E L E G Y.

THe fairest Flow'rs are not secur'd from Blasts,
 The strongest Tow'rs must unto Ruin yield,
 Each Visible unto its Period hastes,
 And by Retreat all call'd to quit the Field;
 Both Animals and Vegetables fall,
 Nature to common Change exposeth all:

None can secure himself. Man, tho' possess'd
 Of that great Faculty, styl'd *Rational*,
 May plead no Priviledge above the rest,
 But stoop to th' Fate o'th' meanest Animal;
 Yet herein doth a Mystick Grandeur lie,
 He hath a Nobler Part can never dye.

Altho'

Altho' remov'd from Converse with his Friend;
Relations and Acquaintance, are depriv'd
Of his Society, Words can't extend
T' unequal Objects; some are therefore griev'd
Thus to be separated each from other;
From a dear Father, or a tender Mother.

O can their Off-spring be so unconcern'd,
As not a little to Breathe forth their Grief,
Where Sympathetick Bowels often yearn'd,
Yet cannot now administer Relief
To either side! Survivors may complain,
Mourn and lament their absence, but in vain.

But yet we may a little ruminare
On by-past things, impressed on the Mind,
And (tho' with grief) revolve that former State,
When each in others Joys did Solace find;
And let their Vertues flourish in each Breast,
And Mem'ries live, tho' they are gone to rest.

Ah, he is gone, who was a Father dear
Unto his Off-spring, with a tender Eye,
Waiting for good; tho' seemingly severe,
When careless Crimes enforc'd Severity:
As famous Judges often Sentence give
With Tears, so he with the Chastiz'd did grieve.

This dear Paternal Love did more engage
His Childrens Hearts, than here may be exprest,
Alluring (as it were) our tender Age
To his advice; Love's Conquest is the best.
Let others boast their forc'd Authority,
Reigning like Tyrants in their Family.

104 **Fruits of Retirement : Or,**
Nor did he count it as his chiefest Care,
To gather for them Superfluity,
Knowing that Earth-bred Wealth is oft a Snare,
Whereby the Heart's engag'd to Vanity :
His Gen'rous Spirit rather was inclin'd
To furnish them with Treasures of the Mind.

And though, in outward shew, he did appear
Less forward in professing things divine,
His Heart was not without an holy Fear ;
Light in his Youthful Days began to shine,
And shew to him the empty Vanity
Of *Rome's* seducing Soul-Idolatry.

For when he was, by a Related Friend,
Solicited their Fancies t'entertain,
Who urging (when his Life seem'd near its end)
To dye a Catholick, 'twas all in vain :
The sacred Precepts of the blessed Truth
Began to spring up in his Blooming Youth.

So that, for all the Favours he receiv'd
From that Relation, or great hopes of more,
By promise due, he would not be deceiv'd
To own those Principles he knew before
Were Men's Inventions: Thus Heav'n secretly
Did shroud and keep him from such Subtilty.

And in succeeding Days did plainly shew
A Way more excellent, a blessed Way ;
Whereby he, to his Satisfaction, knew
That Path, wherein Fools walking cannot stray :
Now, let his Weakness be forgotten quite,
And with his Dust be buried out of sight.

His

His Second Self by him was well belov'd ;
 Who, tho' she for a season did survive,
 That she by future Trials might be prov'd,
 And by renewed Sorrows learn to grieve :
 A second Love she never entertain'd,
 But a chaste Widow many Years remain'd.

And if Affliction and Chastizement be
 Undoubted Characters of Fathers Love,
 Whose Prudence often in Severity
 Doth, for Instruction to his Children, prove
 A greater Favour than they apprehend ;
 She had her share, and found it in the end.

Nor may her dear Affection be forgot
 Unto her Off-spring, whom she taught the Law
 Of Filial Duty ; yet delighted not
 So much through Fear, as Love, to keep in awe :
 Austerity may gain a Slavish Fear,
 But Natural Affection more endear,

She likewise (as her Consort did before)
 Delighted much to gratify her Friend,
 If any her assistance did implore,
 She freely would reach forth a helping-Hand ;
 Thus studying good, she sometimes griev'd to see
 Relations for small Trifles disagree.

Yea, she would rather bear an Injury,
 Than recompence it ; rather reconcile
 Dissenting Parties, through her Lenity,
 Than seem t'encline to either for a while :
 But these her Exercises now must cease,
 And she rejoyce in Everlasting Peace.

Alas !

106 **Fruits of Retirement : Or,**

Alas! that those, who knew her well, might learn,
By her Example, to become more mild,
And not account Revenge a just Concern,
Nor study to Revile, because Revil'd;
Such would more inward Consolation know,
Than from an angry Breast can ever grow.

Well, though both He and She be gone to rest,
And cannot with our Sorrows now be mov'd,
Nor with the Frownings of this World oppress'd,
Wherewith some may as yet be further prov'd,
Their Names, engraven in our Hearts, may not
Be raz'd, or cancel'd, or in time forgot.

Nor shall we study high Hyperboles,
So to perpetuate their Memory,
Or raise a Monument of common Praise,
Which cannot add to their Felicity;
For they were what this insufficient Pen
Cannot describe unto surviving Men.

1682.

An EPISTLE.

IS Friends fled, or Love grown cold?
Do frozen Walls of Ice with-hold
Its Pearly Streams? O let the Sun,
That gave it being, shine upon
The brittle Fence! Or is some Skreen
Injuriously set up between
The gentle Spring, and that bright Ray
Which, conqu'ring Night, brings joyful Day?
Remove that Obstacle away:
Then, tho' with Grief I may confess,
In Winter-time th' Effects be less,
Because of Distance, or cold Air
Prevailing in our Hemisphere,
And interposing (For Sol's Pow'r
Is still the same each Day and Hour)
It will dissolve the Frost in time,
If its warm Ray there-on may shine;
Tho' vacant Clouds do interpose
Its pure refulgent Beam, and those
Inferiour Concrets that have Birth
From the gross Element of Earth.
But stay! Methinks a Spring should be
From Winters chilling force, more free
Than to be Frozen! Inbred Heat
Is then, with purest Springs, more great;
And with its Current soon doth glide
Through Ice besetting either side.
Let Love spring up, that we may see
The same Effects, *dear Friend*, in thee.

1682.

The

The Seventh Epistle to Cousin F. R. being then under some Exercises of Mind.

IN Loves pure Sympathy, endeared Friend,
 I know that secret Trials will attend,
 And raise some Conflicts in thy tender Breast,
 Such as by Pen cannot be well express'd :
 But all things shall (as left upon Record)
 Convene for good to them that fear the Lord.
 Some latent cause, from Carnal Eye conceal'd,
 May bring a Satisfaction, when reveal'd
 By that Refulgent Light ; whose sacred Ray
 Leads on the Meek in *Sion's* pleasant Way ;
 Whose Paths are Peace to them that persevere
 To follow Jesus with an holy Fear ;
 Jesus, the Spotless Lamb, whose Pow'r surrounds
 His Babes, when Tribulation most abounds :
 Lean on his Bosom, for his Love extends
 Abundantly unto his Bosom-Friends ;
 Who, tho' He in true Wisdom please to prove
 Our Faithfulness, our Fervency of Love,
 As he sees good : Yet there is never just
 Cause or Occasion of the least Distrust
 Of Loyalty in Him ; who, when as we
 Were Strangers in a State of Enmity,
 Nay, in a poor, defil'd, polluted State,
 Objects more likely for Disgust and Hate ;
 Did cast an Eye of Pity and of Love
 On Us, who had no Comeliness to move

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The least Affection, till his Gracious Hand
 Had Washed, Swaddled, had Anointed and
 Adorned with his Robe of Righteousness,
 And put upon us his own Comeliness;
 And by his sacred Covenant, engage
 Our Hearts unto him in our tender Age:
 This, this is Love indeed! O let it never
 Be quenched in our Hearts, but live for ever!
 This, this is Love worthy to be admir'd!
 Ah! this is He alone to be desir'd.
 Therefore contend not in the Carnal Will,
 Tread Self-hood under foot, watch and be still;
 For 'all Additional's shall added be
 By Him, who knows what's best for thee and me:
 In Resignation let us wait to know
 His Will fulfill'd, and living Praises flow
 Unto his holy ever-blessed Name,
 Who only's worthy in our Hearts to reign.
 For evermore, Eternally. *Amen.*

Ninth Month, 1682.

The Eighth Epistle to Cousin F. R.

SHall Transitory Toys, vile Chaff and Dross,
 E'er be esteem'd and priz'd above the Cross?
 The Cross of Christ, the Pow'r of God, whereby
 The holy Men of Old did crucify
 The World and Self-hood; and thereby obtain
 A Crown of Glory, over all to reign,
 With *Sion's* King, in Everlasting Peace,
 Where Joys abound, but Grievs and Sorrows cease.
 Ah!

Ah! Shall that precious Seed, that hath been sown
 In Ground prepar'd, so soon be overgrown
 With *Bryars* and *Thorns*? Or must the scorching Ray
 And parching Heat of Trials, cause decay
 In that once green (tho' tender) sprouting Plant?
 Hath it but little Root? Or doth it want
 Refreshing Show'rs, or early Dews? O see
 Why thus it seems to droop! Why should it be
 So long neglected? It may sprout again
 If cherished with first and latter Rain;
 Which Bount'ous Heav'n will not too long deny,
 If Disobedience and Idolatry
 Do not provoke thereto: That Gracious Hand,
 That planted it, can make a barren Land
 More fertile for its sake; and if he please,
 Can make a Fruitful Land a Wilderness.
 Ah! let our Breathings for each other be,
 That since we were from the *wild Olive Tree*
 Remov'd and separated, that we might
 Be grafted in the *good*, we may not slight
 The Hand that planted, nor the Root that bare us,
 Lest we decay; for can the Pruner spare us,
 That spar'd not Nat'ral Branches, if we be
 Unfruitful, but divide us from the Tree?
 But that we ever may, as we depend
 Upon the Root, feel Life and Sap ascend
 Into our Branches; that pure Praise may spring,
 And Fruits of Righteousness to *Sion's King*.

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A Letter to Cousin F. R.

IN secret Yearning for thy Preservation,
 Endeared Friend, I send the Salutation
 Of Love unfeign'd, and heartily desire
 Its pure Refining Flame may ne'er expire,
 Or be extinguish'd: For 'twas said of old,
Iniquities abound, when Love grows cold.
 Now, though thy silent Pen doth testifie,
 There's some (yet latent) cause of Jealousie:
 I'll not my Rival envy, if it be
 One worthy to be entertain'd by thee,
 Without Detraction from that innate Worth,
 Whereto (I hope) thou art by second Birth
 Entituled. But can Affairs so crow'd,
 Or interpose, no Hour must be allow'd
 To send some welcome Evidence of Love,
 Which did so mutually engage and move
 Our Hearts and Pens so frequently t'express
 Their Quondam Sympathy? Well, ne'ertheless
 What's character'd in my poor pausing Mind,
 I send unto thee, as by Love inclin'd;
 Wishing thy Candid Aspect on the same,
 Or else annihilate them in a Flame.

3d of 7th Mo. 1683.

A Parable to Cousin F. R.

ON *Shiloh's* fruitful Banks, in Valleys low,
 A pleasant *Garden* flourish'd, where did grow
 And spring, with early Dews, each curious Plant,
 Some rich in Beauty, some in pleasant Scent:
 Among the rest, a Lilly budded forth,
 Which flourishing a while in Native Worth;
 One time look'd out, t'observe and take a view
 Of some strange Plants, which in the High-way
 To her a Scarlet Poppy then resorted, (grew,
 And with fine Accademick Phrases courted;
 Yea, did with florrid Subtilty invade
 Her Innocence, and charmingly perswade
 To quit that close Confinement, and become
 An Object more admir'd and gazed on:
 The Lilly seem'd to listen, till thereby
 She was almost seiz'd by a Lethargy;
 Scarcely regarding, that in unfenc'd Land
 She might be nip'd by some rash careless Hand,
 Or that she in the inclos'd Garden might
 Flourish, secur'd from Storm both Day and Night,
 And know the precious Dew of *Hermon's* Hill
 Daily upon her tender Leaves distil.

A Neighbouring Plant observing this, dismay'd,
 Unto the Master of the Garden said,
 (In Sympathizing Bowels) Dearest Lord,
 Be pleas'd to send thy pure prevailing Word,
 To

To guard thy Lilly; let it not remain
Without thy Fence: Ah, with thy early Rain
Bedew and Quicken! Let it know, that there
Is Blasting and Decay, but Safety here
Within thy Walls, which are Salvation round
About thy Garden, for 'tis holy Ground.

3d of 7th Mo. 1683.

SOLITUDE.

HOW sweet is harmless Solitude?

What can its Joys controul?

Tumults and Noise may not intrude,

To interrupt the Soul

That here enjoys it self, retir'd

From Earth's seducing Charms;

Leaving her Pomp, to be admir'd

By such as Court their Harms;

While she, on Contemplations Wings,

Soars far beyond the Sky,

And feeds her Thoughts on Heav'nly Things,

Which in her Bosom lye.

Great Priviledges here, of old,

The wise Men did obtain;

And Treasure, far surpassing Gold,

They dig'd for, not in vain.

The Tincture of Philosophers

Here happily — they found;

The Musick of the Morning-Stars

Here in their Hearts did sound.

L

Moses,

Moses, that meek and prudent Prince
Of *Isr^{el}*, did with Joy,

By th' Burning Bush, Experience

This Sacred Mystery ;

When in Retirement he withdrew,

And led his tender Flock

Beyond the Defart, he might view

The Wonders of the Rock.

So Heav'ns high honour'd Favourite,

Did often choose to dwell

Less for a Refuge, than delight

Upon the Mount *Carmel* :

For in th' Incens'd Justice, he

From Heaven call'd down Fire,

To curb vain Man's Authority,

That did by Force require

The holy Prophet to submit

Unto their proud Command,

Or to come down, till Heav'n thought fit

Thereto to condescend.

There's neither Stateliness of Court,

Nor any Frantick Mirth,

Deluded Mortals Childish Sport,

Nor Glories of the Earth,

Can Counterpoise that inward Peace,

Which in her Bosom dwells ;

Joys here abounding, Sorrows cease ;

Delight all Grief expels.

Here may the Soul, secur'd from Noise,

In Calmness meditate ;

And waiting, hear the still small Voice,

Which makes the Mountains shake.

But Consolates the Soul and Mind,
As with a sweet Repose,
Which here, as from its Dross refin'd,
Participates of those

Diviner Joys, whereto by Birth
She hath a Sacred right;
Which far transcends all Joys on Earth,
In spotless true Delight.

But those that covet to enjoy
The Sweets of Solitude,
Must bid Adieu to Vanity;
Not let the World intrude,

Like an alluring *Dalilah*,
into their Privacy;
For her design is to betray
By subtil Flattery:

Which, who by Watchfulness doth learn
Discreetly to — repel,
Such, to their Solace, shall discern
Where perfect Peace doth dwell:

And in Retirement, always find
Such Innocent Delight,
As fully Satiates the Mind,
And plenteously requite

Denial of all Earthly Things,
Which ne'er can satisfy
The Noble Soul, whose Solace springs
From Immortality.

The Glorious Joys of Seraphims;
For which each daily sings
High Praises, and Melodious Hymns,
Unto the King of Kings.

A Meditation.

CAN I forget that hand, that first did lay
 My mean Foundation out of Dust or Clay?
 Can I forget the Breath, that did inspire
 My Lifeless Mass with pure Eternal Fire?
 Can I forget the Word, that first said, *Live*;
 And with its Vertue, Life did to me give?
 Can I forget that Eye, that guideth me
 With Heav'nly Brightness through Obscurity?
 Can I forget that holy Arm of Power,
 That guards and keeps me safe, as in a Tower?
 Can I forget that sweet Celestial Bread,
 By which, when hungry, I am nourished?
 Or can my Soul ever unmindful be
 Of those Refreshing Streams that flow from thee?
 Thou great Eternal Fountain of all Good!
 Whose Name by Mortals is not understood;
 Nor can, by Letters, Words, or Sentences,
 Be rightly Comprehended as it is:
 For thou art All in All; and who can say,
 He can remember thee another Day?
 Except thy Holy Spirit still abide,
 And lodge with us, to teach, direct, and guide
 Our Hearts & Thoughts, and quicken good Desires,
 Whereby we long for thee, when thou retirest
 To thy Pavilion, to thy Secret Place;
 So that we rest not, till we see thy Face:
 For thou alone prepares true Rest for thine;
 Tho' furious Men against the Saints combine,

Their

Their Habitation they can ne'er destroy,
By all their hostile Arts and Policy:
For it is founded on the Rock that shall
Abide; and, tho' Waves beat, shall never fall,
As Faithful they remain to thee, that art
Author of Faith, that Shield from ev'ry Dart.
Ah, why should any doubt? Thy Arm's the same
As ever; all-sufficient to restrain
The *Wrath of Man*, tho' (as a flowing Tide)
It seems Resistless: If thou please to guide
Our feeble foot-steps in thy Path, we shall
Not be dismay'd, but follow thee through all
That would oppose: Thou art our chiefest Guard;
Yea, thou art our exceeding great Reward.
Ah, take up thy abode with us! For we
Can find no Resting Place, except in thee.

1684.

Meditations on Persecution.

GOLD-hungry Seamen, tho' they oft endure
Day-dark'ning *Storms & Tempests*, to procure
The winged Treasures of this fading World;
Altho' they run the hazard to be hurl'd
On wrecking Rocks, or quick-devouring Sands,
Or cast as Captives on some foreign Lands,
To spend their wretched Days in Misery,
Instead of what they sought for to enjoy,
Abounding Wealth, if to their wished Shoar
They safe arrive; venture again, yet more
Undaunted than at first, in hopes to be
With more success, kept from those Dangers free.

L 3

Then

118 **Fruits of Retirement : Or,**

Then why should such Faint-heartedness appear
 In *Isr'el's* Camp, that ought of right to fear
 None but the Lord! Can any doubt, that have
 The Word of an Almighty King, to save
 Them to the uttermost? What! Tho' he seem
 To tarry long, his own Appointed Time
 Is always best; in greatest Straights, we do
 Wholly depend on, and acknowledge too,
 Salvation only from above; for then
 We find, 'tis vain to hope for help from Men.
 Ah! was not *Isr'el* thus beset? Could they
 Encounter furious *Pharaoh's* Host, or th' Sea?
 Yet was Deliverance near; the Sea must be
 A Path to them, a Grave to th' Enemy:
Pharaoh might follow, to his own Destruction;
 Whilst *Israel* is prov'd, to gain Instruction:
 That these may learn whom they should chiefly fear,
 And whom to trust, when Tribulation's near.
 Ah, then in this our Gospel-Dispensation,
 Why should the Children of this Generation
 Seem so far Wiser, or more Valiant, than
 The sacred Off-spring of *Jerusalem*?
 Those hazard Life for Transitory Toys;
 And shall not these, for Everlasting Joys,
 Resign up Visibles, yea, Life and all,
 To Him that gave it, if he please to call
 To such a Trial? Can we baulk the Way
 Wherein he leads, except we run astray?
 We must through Exercises overcome,
 And bear the Cross, (if we would wear the Crown)
 And fully follow him: The Recompence
 Will far exceed, when we are parted hence.
 But who art thou, that art so loath to give
 Up an Estate? A Thief may soon deprive

Thee

Thee of a greater Share, than he requires ;
 Some suffer more by Carelesness and Fires ;
 Which justly Heav'n permits, to let them see
 How vain these poor, these trifling Treasures be.
 Or dost thou fear Confinement ? Heav'n may send
 Grievous Diseases, which Physicians Hand
 Cannot remove, and to th' uneasie Bed
 Make thee a Pris'ner, when thy Health is fled.
 But if thou be confin'd for Jesus sake,
 He will a Prison much more pleasant make,
 Than any Spacious Palace : For He'll be
 Fulness of Joy, and Saving Health to thee.
 Now, tho' some shun the Cross, as Worldly Wise,
 And from the Path of Truth apostatize,
 And yet the Judgments do not soon ensue,
 (Altho' they be in dreadful Vengeance due)
 So that the Wicked did of old aver,
 Surely the Lord his Coming doth defer :
 Yet shall they not have Peace, but feel the Rod
 Of a Displeased, of a Jealous G O D ;
 Whose Word can never fail, altho' he try
 Some with Long-suffering, and great Clemency.
 Ah, Kiss the Son, lest that his Anger be
 Incens'd ! For He alone can comfort thee :
 And let not any faint, or start aside,
 Heav'n will support his Faithful Ones when try'd.

1684.

On DANIEL.

WHen *Babel's* Grandees, by unjust Decree,
 With Royal Signet, surreptitiously
 Obtain'd, had seal'd an Edict, That none should
 Exhibit a Request, or be so bold
 To make Petition, save unto their King,
 In Thirty Days; in hopes thereby to bring
 T'inevitable Ruine, and destroy
 The Prophet *Daniel*, whose Sincerity
 Was well approved: Can we find, that he
 Was e'er so startled at the rash Decree,
 As to omit what formerly he knew
 Was an Incumbent Duty, or to shew
 His Zeal for *Isr'els* God? But every Day,
 Did he not, with his Window open, pray
 As formerly, and boldly supplicate
 For *Isr'els* Seed, in their afflicted State?

Now some may say, *What Daniel, couldst not thou
 In Heart, and in thy private Closet bow,
 And make Petition in his Ear, that hears
 Deep Sighs and Groans, as well as louder Prayers;
 But indiscreetly thus thy self expose
 A sought-for Prey unto thy watchful Foes?*

No, no; he stood not to consult his own
 Security, as knowing GOD alone,
 Whom he ador'd, was able to restrain
 The Wrath of Man, and in his Sacred Name,
 Support

Support his Faithful Ones, tho' Trials should
Be heaped on them, even Sevenfold ;
Or else would give the sweet Experience,
Of a desirable Deliverance.

Thus noble *Daniel*, when Spies attended,
He, as a Criminal, was apprehended
And cast, by Sentence of malicious Men,
Unto the (now more gentle) Lions Den ;
Whither, approaching in the Royal Robe
Of Spotless Innocence, th' Eternal God,
That holds the Lives of Creatures in his Hand,
Muzzled the Lions Mouths, with a Command
Of Abstinence ; and whisper'd in their Ear
Such Dread, that they durst not approach to tear
The *Angel-Guarded* Prey ; but still must wait,
Tho' Hunger-bit, for other courser Meat.
But *Babel's* King could not be unconcern'd
For upright *Daniel* : Ah, his Bowels yearn'd
For this his Faithful Subject ! So that he
Could take no rest, but early rose to see
What was become of him ; or if the Power
Of *Isr'els* God, whom *Daniel* did adore,
Was able to preserve him from the Paws
Of those Devourers, and their Rav'nous Jaws :
Whereof, when *Babel's* King was satisfy'd
By *Daniel's* Answer, who there testify'd
His Loyalty to Heav'n, his Innocence
Towards the King, he's soon removed thence ;
Whilst his Accusers must become a Feast
For them that durst not touch the Sacred Guest :
Th' Eternal Arm's the same, his Love's the same,
To those that trust sincerely in his Name.
But those that doubt when he is pleas'd to prove,
And saw such signal Tokens of his Love,

Are

Are now but rarely seen, our Foe prevails
 Too much against us, whilst our Courage fails;
 We by distrust and doubting oft, I fear,
 Prevent those *Wonders*, which might else appear.
 Alas! 'tis Faith that conquers; he believ'd,
 And doubted not, and therefore was reliev'd:
 For he resisted even unto Blood,
 Therefore the Lord brought all about for good.
 Shall Man prescribe a Way for him, whereby
 His Glorious Name, he best, may magnify?
 A prudent General does not permit
 Such to appear in th' Front, he knows unfit
 To bear the first Assault of th' Enemy,
 But Valiant Hearts, that cannot yield nor fly:
 Can then the Everlasting Counsellor,
 The King of Kings, be more unskill'd in War?
 No, no; for He, the only wise Commander,
 Tho' of his meanest Soldier truly tender,
 Yet honours them in higher place, that be
 Free to encounter Dangers cheerfully.
 And tho' proud *Gog* and *Magog* Arm for Fight,
 Destruction from his *Sword* shall stop their Flight:
 They shall not 'scape from his all-seeing Eye;
 His Wrath shall overtake them suddenly:
 He, and his Saints must have the Victory.
 Then why should any Weak and Faint appear?
 Tho' Great *Goliath* glory in his Spear,
 And monstrous Stature, Little *David* shall,
 Without *Saul's* Armour, make the Giant fall;
 And bring Deliverance to *Israel's* Host,
 Tho' the *Philistines* long against them boast:
 And tho' worm *Jacob's* Seed be often prov'd
 With Tribulations, he is still belov'd,
 And for his sake great Kings shall be reprov'd.

The

The Lord of Lords will get himself a Name,
He'll overturn, and overturn again,
Until he come, whose right it is, to reign.

1685.

Amen.

*Meditations concerning our Imprisonment
Only for Conscience sake, 1684. in
Lancaster Castle.*

THo' the Eternal Wisdom, *Sion's* King,
Be pleas'd to try his Babes, by Suffering;
Tho' some departing from the Sinner's way,
And walking *Sion*-ward, become a Prey;
Yea, tho' through Tribulations *Israel* must
Enter the Promis'd Land, yet Heav'n is just,
And tenderly supports his patient Ones,
Altho' he Chasten his Beloved Sons;
And tho' in Prisons outwardly they be
Confin'd, the Son of Love doth set them free,
And leads in verdant Plains of Liberty:
The fresh fat Valleys, where sweet *Shiloh* flows,
Upon whose fertile Banks the Lilly grows;
Where, tho' he by some Exercises prove,
He sollaceth with Flaggons of his Love.
Then why should any Murmur? Jesus thus
Extended Signal Favours unto us.
Here are we with the hidden Manna fed,
Tho' with Transgressors we be numbered:
Here can we Prospects from our Tower survey,
With much more Innocent Delight, than they

That

That range at large; yea, here we may descry
 The pleasant Path, hid from the Vult'rous Eye:
 Wherein the Righteous follow *Christ*, their King }
 And tender Shepherd, to the living Spring }
 Of Joy; and to his Name, High Praises sing. }
 Nor can the proudest Walls (tho' ne'er so High,
 The Monuments of Grave Antiquity)
 Be terrible to Spotless Innocence,
 That knows the Rock of Ages a Defence.
 Tho' some be from their Families remov'd;
 Here *Mary's* choice may better be improv'd:
 And *Christ* takes care for his, altho' they sit
 As unconcern'd, weeping at *Jesus* Feet:
 He'll be a Father to the Family
 Of such as, for his Name, in Prison lye; }
 And fill their Hearts with Everlasting Joy. }
 These rugged Walls, less grievous are to me,
 Than those bedeck'd with curious Arras be,
 T'a guilty Conscience; to a wounded Heart,
 A Palace cannot palliate that smart:
 Tho' drunk with Pleasure, dull with Opiates, }
 Some seem as Senseless of their sad Estates, }
 Till on their Dying-Beds *Conscience* awakes. }
 But tho' the Righteous be in Bonds confin'd,
 They inwardly sweet Satisfaction find.
 Neither can stately Roofs, Gates, Bars, nor all
 The Art of Man, suppress the Cries and Call,
 Or Supplication, or the poorest Sigh,
 Of *Isr'els* Seed; for his Redeemer's nigh;
 Who will regard the Cries, and hear the Groans,
 Of his Afflicted, Tribulated Ones;
 And will, in his appointed Time, arise,
 Utterly to confound his Enemies:

Altho'

Altho' by them he for a Season prove
His Children dear ; he'll yet in time remove
The Scourge, and cast the Chast'ning Rod aside,
When *Isr'els* Faith and Patience he hath try'd.

Now, tho' some rage, because we cannot Bow
Unto their vain Traditions, since we know
The Blessed Truth, which hath engag'd to give
Our Hearts to Him, in whom alone we live :
Yea, tho' for this, some fret, and storm, and rage,
And study to afflict God's Heritage ;
Their Wrath's restrain'd by One, that if he please,
Can curb the Furious, Rowling, Raging Seas,
As in a Moment ; and upon the Wave,
Teach his to walk, and by his Presence save
From sinking, as of old : His Arm's the same,
Eternal Praises to his holy Name.

He is our Shield, our Sun, that penetrates
Our closest Rooms, and sweetly consoles
Our waiting Souls ; and with his Quick'ning Ray,
Changes black Nights of Sorrow, into (joyful) Day :
So that 'tis not the Terrors of the Night,
Nor Darts that fly by Day, that can afright
The Righteous Souls, who walk in holy Fear ;
They know their Captain of Salvation's near,
The Blessed *Prince of Peace*, their Joy, their King,
The only Fountain, whence true saving Comforts
(spring.

Sixth Month, 1684.

Another

Another Letter to Cousin F.R.

AS Winters tedious Nights to weary Eyes,
 As nipping Cold to chirping winged *Flocks*,
 Until the welcome Day-Star do arise,
 And lights the Trees to shake their dewy Locks:
 Or as a Door close lock'd, to limit thee,
 Ev'n thee, to whom I send these hasty Lines,
 Such was thy tedious Silence unto me,
 Till now of late a better Aspect shines.
 For from thy Bounteous Hand I have receiv'd,
 What I esteem more than the Miser's Gold;
 If I for lieu of it should be bereav'd
 Of the dear Int'rest which in thee I hold;
 Surpassing that of Consanguinity,
 Which scarce obliges, but in Complements;
 But Cordial Friendship's lasting Unity,
 Hearts by endearing Vertue so Cements,
 That distance, tho' remote, can't separate;
 Tho' interposing Business prevail,
 To hinder mutual Converse, and create
 Those Exercises which sometimes assail:
 That Adage, clouded to the World in mists,
 Is in thy Conversation verify'd;
 Honour with True Nobility consists,
 And nothing more Ridiculous than Pride.

Pride

Pride in Deportment, and in Gaudy Dress,
Indulg'd by some t'obtain a Monarchy,
Is shunn'd by thee; thy Empire ne'ertheless
Extendeth further, than desir'd by thee.
Thou to the World in plainness bravely shews,
Thou covet'st not the Troubles of her Noise;
Yet unawares obligingly subdues,
Far more than they that court her Vanities.
Prides gaudy Captives strive to dazle Eyes,
But thy sweet Gravity affects the Heart,
Yet such sometimes gain Conquest by surprize;
But whom thou overcomes, own due desert.
Yet were thy Vertue and thine Honour less,
If such Ambition found a place in thee,
As frequently attends the gaudy Dress,
T'insult o'er those ta'en in Captivity.
But tho' thou can'st not totally redress
Such Expectation, as some seem to have,
Yet by a prudent Mein and Gentleness,
Would loose the Fetters, that so far enslave;
And innocently ever dost extend
Such candid Favours, as may best agree
To those whom thou vouchsafes to own thy *Friend*,
And yet kept from reflecting Censure free.
But thy great Zeal for true Religion shines
In Life and Conversation, ev'n as far
Above what others talk these cloudy times,
As the Day-Ruler doth a twinkling Star.
For in thy Blooming Years, thy tender Mind
Was influenced with such warm desires
Of Holiness; and so to Good inclin'd,
As Love, and Power Divine, alone inspires.

Nor

Nor didst thou take Religion upon trust,
 But wisely sought to know its Basis ; and,
 Noble *Berean*-like, so wise and just,
 To search the Records of Divine Command :
 Which, *having prov'd*, thou heard'st, & then obey'd;
 And with a right compos'd Heart and Mind,
 Bow'd to the Truth ; so Truth its Scepter sway'd,
 And thou therein dost Peace and Solace find.
 And tho' at first the frowning World assay'd,
 By Scornings and Revilings, t'have deterr'd
 From Goodness, thy great Soul was not dismay'd,
 But this, before her Vanities, preferr'd :
 So things that once seem'd difficult, became
 More easie ; and the Glorious Shining Light,
 That first but glimmer'd in the dark, the same
 Broke out more bright, & overspread the Night.
 Thus what seem'd once impossible, appear'd
 To thy great Satisfaction ; and thine Heart
 (Thy Understanding being fully clear'd)
 Enjoy'd the Choice of *Mary's* better part,
 Which from the Righteous may not be remov'd;
 They know Salvation near, *Truth* is their Choice;
 And tho' such be with Exercises prov'd,
 They have the Earnest of Eternal Joys.

1690.

On FRIENDSHIP.

AMongst the many *Records* I have read, (ed;
And *Transcripts*, thro' the world much scatter-
I've met with several Hints and Whisperings,
Of an abstruse Grand-Property, that springs
From some interiour, hidden, innate Cause,
In Noble Breasts, uncircumscrib'd by Laws,
Styl'd *Friendship*, which of such a Nature is,
That many think they know it when they miss.
But 'tis suppos'd of such sweet Innocence,
Of so Divine and Sacred Influence,
When it doth in true tender Hearts prevail,
That when occurrent Troubles would assail,
It guards, as doth a Bulwark, either Breast,
Where it resides, and taketh up its rest.
But O! this treacherous World knows little of it,
Except it be in Name, whereby to scoff it.
For now, tho' some affected with the Name,
Would be suppos'd touch'd with its Noble Flame;
They scorn its Dictates, and will not regard
A troubled Friend, except some fair Reward
Appear in view; their Business or their Pride
Engrosses all; Self may not be deny'd.
O when will Mortals raise their Eyes to see,
That all things here are only Vanity!

1691.

On the Three Holy Children.

WHen Conqu'ring Babel's Foes were subjugate,
 And fair Jerusalem depopulate,
 King Nebuchadnezzar Triumph'd in Pride,
 And his Concerns of War seem'd laid aside;
 Who Glorizing in his Strength, not in the Lord,
 Formed a Golden God to be ador'd.
 Now this great Image, made by Mortal Hand,
 Must worship'd be (such was the King's Command)
 Tho' senseless, helpless, tho' he ne'er could bless
 Their War-like Enterprizes with success:
 But 'tis the King's Decree, and then who dare
 Resist, but such as do a Greater fear?
 The Sentence is, *The Fiery Furnace must*
Consume the Rebels Body unto Dust.
 Yet there were Captive Jews of Royal Blood,
 Who, in their Zeal for Israels God, withstood
 That cursed Edict, that vain Law reject,
 That strict Decree with them had small Effect:
 Then the Informers, that observ'd the Jews,
 And sought for an occasion to accuse
 The Innocent, (as some do now) drew near;
 And first, to gain acceptance in his Ear,
 Said, *Live, O King, for ever! Thou hast made*
A firm Decree, which some have not obey'd;
Even Three conceited Jews, who neither Thee
Regard, nor to thy Gods do bow their Knee.
 O how his Fury doth at this arise!
 That any should his Golden God despise:

His

His Visage doth its native Features change;
 His Eyes, with sparkling Rage, proclaim Revenge:
 Therefore, at his Command, they all in haste
 The Persons of the Innocent arrest;
 Call'd *Shedrach*, *Mesbuch*, and *Abednego*,
 And they before the wrathful King must go
 To prove the Matter; and, it seems, to try
 If they would Bow: Which, when they still deny,
 As knowing, He alone that did create
 The Fire, and all things else, could soon abate
 Its Violence; and from the threatening Hand
 Of *Babel's* King, deliver them that stand
 In Awe to none but him, and fear not Man;
 But dread the Living God, who only can
 Kill and Destroy, or save and keep Alive;
 For He to Man doth Life and Being give.
 This they believing, did not study how
 To answer; but resolved not to Bow
 To any, but the Lord: Altho' the King
 Seem'd, in his Wrath, to count it as a thing
 Impossible, that any God could be
 So Potent, to withstand his fierce Decree.
 But Great *JEHOVAH* did that Law confound;
 For when all *Three* were in their Vestments bound,
 And cast into the furious Fiery Flame,
 Th'Eternal Word did Pow'rfully restrain
 Its proper Quality, and so surround
 Them with Defence, no harm on them was found:
 Yet did the Fire retain its former Vigor,
 And manifest it with resistless Rigor,
 Against those Men, who bold to execute
 The King's Command, the Just did persecute:
 Which, when *Nebuchadnezzar* saw, dismay'd,
 He rose in haste, and to his Nobles said,

132 **Fruits of Retirement: Or,**

*Were not Three Men cast bound into the Flame?
They answer'd, True: The King reply'd again,
Now, in the midst thereof, behold, I see
Four Men walk loose, and from their Fetters free;
Whereof the Fourth seems cloath'd in Majesty,
As Son of the Immortal Deity.*

Thus was the Lofty forced to confess,
There was a Pow'r above him, and to bless
The God of *Isr'el*; set his Servants free,
That, trusting in him, would not bow the Knee
Unto, or serve another, than the Lord,
Their only God; but, as with one accord,
Did yield their Bodies to his Will, that they
Might magnify him in their Trial-Day.

Consider now, had they not Faithful been,
The Captive Seed of *Isr'el* had not seen
That great Deliverance, so signally
Wrought for them, that, in true Simplicity,
Resign'd themselves, their all, unto the Lord,
Who is alone worthy to be ador'd:

Nor *Babel's* Monarch been constrain'd to bless
His holy Name, who Reigns in Righteousness;
Deposing Kingdoms unto whom he sees
Most fit, and Changing Man's perverse Decrees.
Lord, may thy Wisdom, in these latter Days,
Limit, or turn Man's Wrath unto thy Praise!

Put thou an Hook into the Jaws of those,
That study Politickly to oppose
Thy Works of Love and Wonder, in the Land,
And with their Subtilty seek to withstand
The Progress of despised *Israel*,

In their Return towards thy Holy Hill,
Sion, the sacred Mount of thy Renown,
Which *Babylon* hath sought to Batter down,

But

But never shall prevail; altho' she seem
To sit in Pomp, like to a Stately Queen,
That sees no Sorrow; all her Pride is vain;
For fall she must, and never rise again;
The Time's appointed: Then shall *Sion* rise,
And Triumph over all her Enemies.

The Conclusion of a Letter to Cousin F.R.

NE'er let the Prospect of a great Estate
Dazle those Eyes, which I presum'd of late,
Could from on High, with brave disdain, look down
On this Worlds fading Glory; since a Crown
Of Life is promis'd for a Recompence
Of hearty, true, sincere Obedience,
Unto the Faithful Soul, whose strong Desires
Are centred in that Joy that ne'er expires.
Ah, let Enough suffice! Could Poverty
Be Advocate, 'twould plead Excuse for thee:
But if we grasp at Riches that are vain,
Then how is our Religion strong and plain?

A MEDITATION.

LORD, teach me patiently to follow thee,
Thro' thy sore Travels, thro' thine Agony,
Which thou so meekly didst endure for me,
'Mongst such unworthy Worms as wounded thee,
Piercing thee fresh with our Iniquity :
Teach us to Suffer, till we Reign with thee.

Amen.

To her Friend M. J.

LET us, *my Friend*, all peevish Self withstand,
And in the Meekness of the Spotless Lamb,
Lead one another gently by the Hand,
And travel forward to the holy Land,
Where the Redeemed on Mount *Sion* stand,
With Harps of Living Praises in their Hand.

A Meditation.

A MEDITATION.

ETernal Love, before whose Glorious Face
 All Times art present, filling ev'ry place;
 Uncircumscribed, Unexcluded ! Can
 Thy Boundless Mercy to forgetful Man
 Be told ? Or can thy long Forbearance be
 Enough admir'd ? Great Dreadful Majesty !
 Ah, let my Soul, in a true living Sense
 Now ruminate on the sweet Influence
 Of that abounding Goodness, which from thee
 Did freely reach to such a Worm as Me !
 The Beast, that cleaves the Hoof, & chews the Cud,
 Was by the Ancient Law proclaimed Good :
 And as thou'rt pleas'd t'enjoyn thine *Israel*,
 In humble due acknowledgment, to tell
 Thy Mighty Wonders, each one to his Friend,
 Whereby thou brought'st 'em to the *promis'd Land*;
 So 'mongst the many Favours, Lord, of thine,
 May I now call to Mind that doleful Time;
 Wherein, as pondering of my State, I found
 (Tho' Life and Vertue doth with thee abound)
 My self as one of those dry senseless Bones,
 Which lay in th'open Valley, which thou once
 Did'st shew thy Prophet, all exceeding dry,
 Until thou pleas'd to cast a tender Eye
 Of Pity on them, and the Answer give
 Unto that great Demand, *Can dry Bones live ?*
 By Breathing on them, when thy Gracious Hand
 Had gather'd them, and by thy bless'd Command,

Cloath'd them with Flesh: *Great King!* thy Pow'r's
 It was of old, and cannot move in vain. (the same
 Thus, tho' at first my miserable State
 Seem'd unto me doleful and desperate,
 How soon thou, in the Bone, didst broach a Spring,
 Which to my Soul did sweet Refreshment bring.

Friendship Tried.

THO' it surpasseth Winters Skill,
 T'impede the flowing Tide,
 Which from the Spring in *Hermion's Hill*
 Each Moment is supply'd :

Tho' Icy Walls cannot immure
 Its Chrystal Streams, that run secure ;

Nor yet the scorching Fiery Beams
 of Summers Heat exhale,

Or to drink up those purling Streams,
 With all its Drought prevail ;
 Which, ever flowing freely, bring
 Their Treasures from a Living Spring.

Yet have I seen a pretty Well,
 Deriv'd from Show'rs of Rain,
 Which into Nature's Cistern fell,
 And did some time remain ;

By Summers Drought, exhal'd away,
 And vanish in a Scorching Day.

So little Brooks and Torrents flow,
While they have fresh supply
From the distilling Clouds, but grow
(When most they're wanted) dry,

Like *Cherith's* Brook, whose pleasant Stream
Ceas'd, when the *Drought* was most extream:

So common Kindnesses may flow
In some Sinister Hearts,
And petty Favours seem to grow,
Whilst sometimes they impart

Renewed Bribes, in hopes t' obtain
The Stock, with Int'rest, back again.

But then, if any Fret arise,
Or Disappointment come,
How soon Upbraiding testifies,
True Friendship found not room

Within those narrow bounded Breasts,
The Lodging of Self-Interest,

True Friendship, that from Vertue springs,
Doth so enlarge the Mind,
It cannot be block'd up with things
Of such a servile kind,

As makes dull Misers fret and rage
In this our Mercenary Age.

'Tis not the nipping stormy Winds
Of sharp Adversity,
Nor Winters Frost, can chill the Minds,
Or stop the Sympathy,

Which with unfeigned Love doth flow,
Where Friendship doth sincerely grow.

A MEDITATION.

HOW long will Man forget himself,
And be so much inclin'd
To Treasure up that sordid Pelf,
Which he must leave behind?
And seek these Vanities on Earth,
Which quickly come to nought;
A little Jollity and Mirth
Is often dearly bought:
Fools for the Belly sell away
Their Birth-right to the Wise;
What's this Inheritance? Cry they:
Thus they for Trash despise
That Treasure, which no Thief can steal,
No Canker-worm nor Rust
Can e'er corrupt: And 'tis by Seal
Confirmed to the Just;
Who, tho' they here may suffer Loss,
It shall become their Gain,
If patiently they bear the Cross,
They shall the Crown obtain.
But those that choose their Portion here,
Shall wail in Misery,
Because such would not lend an Ear
To th'Voice of Wisdom's Cry;
Who call'd, to lead them in the way,
Where no Destroyer's found;
Nor any hurtful Beast of Prey
Can tread this holy Ground:

The

The Vult'rous Eye here cannot spy;
 But yet the humble Mind,
 That seeks in true Simplicity,
 This pleasant Path may find;
 And, though Unlearned, cannot err,
 Led by a sacred Guide,
 Unto a Habitation, where
 True Comforts are enjoy'd.

Then why should Men unmindful be
 Of their more Noble Part,
 The Off-spring of Eternity,
 As wholly to invert

The sole use of their Intellects,
 To gain a fading Toy,
 This Faithless World; while they reject
 True Everlasting Joy?

They snatch at Shadows here, and slight
 The Substance that remains
 For ever: Thus they, in the Night,
 Walk on to endless Pains;

If they persist to wander there,
 And carelessly contemn
 The springing Light, that doth appear
 Thence to deliver them:

Then why, alas, should they destroy
 Their Hopes of lasting Treasures,
 And rest contented, sordidly
 To share with Beasts in Pleasures?

Since Wisdom hath prepar'd a Feast,
 Her Table's furnished,
 That Fools may now become her Guests,
 And feed on Heav'nly Bread.

Indeed

Indeed the Wise in their own Eyes,
Are fill'd with vain Conceit;
Such will the Honey-comb despise,
Yet shall the Hungry eat,
Till satisfy'd, and with delight
Walk on in Wisdom's Way;
Knowing the Light expels the Night,
And brings in perfect Day;
Whereby they see things as they be,
And so are taught to choose
Eternal Life in Purity,
But Sin and Death refuse.
There's no abiding City here;
Seek one that shall remain:
To Wisdom's Counsel lend an Ear;
True Godliness is gain:
Where the Contented Mind is known,
There is a sweet Increase
Of Solace, where the Soul lies down
In Everlasting Peace;
True Peace and Joy, not to be found
In vain Terrestrial Things:
Pure holy Praises then abound
Unto the King of Kings;
Who from on High, with tender Eye,
Look'd down, and pleas'd to send
Wisdom to Call, whose Voice and Cry
Doth unto all extend.

Of a Happy Life.

SHall we exclude from a Sedate,
 Sweet, Happy, and Contented State?
 The honest Man, that lives in Health,
 Enjoying still sufficient Wealth,
 Though not from an Inheritance,
 But sure supply from Providence,
 Estate by Industry can find,
 But treasures Goodness in his Mind;
 Though boasting no Nobility,
 Nor Honours, from a Pedigree;
 But rather can, with *Tully*, * tell,
 He doth his Ancestors excel;
 Yet is not over-clogg'd with Care;
 Can Time for Mind and Body spare;
 Can Feed and Sleep in Season, free
 From Superfluous Luxury;
 That hath an equal Loyal Spouse,
 An handsome Habitable House;
 Inherited, or Purchas'd, that
 He need not fear the fullen Threat
 Of griping Landlord; but if not,
 Finds true Content in any Lot;
 Since in the Closet of his Mind
 Dwells Solace not to be defin'd,
 Hath a just Friend, that cannot be
 Transformed in Adversity;
 And what's more Happy, yet more Strange!
 He's always ready for a Change.

* *Ego me
 Majoribus
 Virtute præ-
 laxi.*

On David and Jonathan.

ARE learned Pens solicitous t'Express
 Idle Chimera's in Romantick Dress?
 And shall the Fame of these Heroick Friends,
 Be thought a Theme unworthy of such Pens?
 Where a more Princely Pattern can we find
 Of Loyal Friendship, and a Nobler Mind,
 Than shines in *Jonathan*, *Saul's* famous Son?
 Whose Heart to *David*, since the Conquest won
 From great *Goliath*, was so firmly knit,
 That no Self-Int'rest could e'er alter it:
 Such Potent Love sprang in his Royal Breast,
 That he Disrob'd himself, to Cloath his Guest;
 And gave his Garments, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,
 Whether he did, by sacred Instinct, know
 He should his Father in the Throne succeed:
 (Can Man divert what Heaven hath decreed?)
 And though the *Kishite* politickly told,
 While *Jesse's* Son surviv'd, He never should
 Establish his Dominion, or Advance
 His Royal Scepter: Yet since Providence
 Had so dispos'd it, He, with Pious Mind,
 Serene from Envy, had in Heart resign'd
 His Kingly Pow'r to *David*: For had he
 Been false in Heart, some trick of Treachery
 Had broken forth, his Honour to obscure;
 Yet *David* other ways been kept secure.
 But O his brave Heroick Soul disdain'd
 Ignoble Projects; yea, a Crown so stain'd

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With Breach of Friendship! Ah, how did he plead
With furious *Saul*, and nobly intercede
For absent *David*, till he did provoke
To (had it hit) a sad and fatal Stroke
Against himself? then meekly he withdrew,
And at th' appointed season went to shew
This unto him, whose Life seem'd to depend
On the Fidelity of such a Friend;
Who (pre-advis'd) did privately attend
The Prince's coming; where, with mutual grief,
Leave to depart, was then the sole Relief
Time did afford; with Tears, and great increase
Of Sorrow, *David* is dismiss'd in Peace.
But *David*, truly worthy such a Friend,
Rememb'ed this, when Heav'n had put an End
To Rivalry of Rule, and call'd away
The noble Prince; lest here his longer stay
Might seem t'Eclipse his great Renowned Name,
Had he surviv'd to see another Reign:
David yet Grateful (when with watry Eyes,
He had bewail'd his dear Friend's Exequies,
And griev'd that he was by *Philistines* slain,
'Gainst whom his Sword was never drawn in vain,
Until that dismal Day, that Heav'n's Decree
On wretched *Saul* must executed be)
Sought out occasion how to manifest
The Effects of Friendship in his Kingly Breast;
And to the Off-spring, gently did extend
The Favours due to his deceased Friend;
Mephibosheth, though *Saul's* Posterity,
(*Saul's*, that was of such noted Enmity
To *David*) being Son to *Jonathan*,
Must dwell at Court, the King will entertain
Him

Him at his Royal Table, gives Command
 For the Surrender of *Saul's* State and Land:
 Was *David* Valiant? Did he, void of fear,
 Assail and slay a Lion and a Bear,
 And with undaunted Courage overcome
 The Warlike *Gathite* with a little Stone?
 But, which prefer'd him more than all the rest,
 An Upright Heart he bore within his Breast.
 Was not his Friendly Rival *Jonathan*
 Renown'd for Valour too? The only Man,
 That, with his Armour-Bearer, overthrew
 The proud *Philistines*, ere his Father knew
 With whom he left the Host of *Israel*,
 Whilst the proud Garrison before him fell,
 With Dread and Trembling; *Israel*, mean while
 Amaz'd, made haste but to pursue and spoil:
 Yet did he not out-brave his Loyal Friend,
 But by Majestick Meekness recommend
 That true Nobility of Mind, that brings
 A greater Honour than the Name of Kings.
 For tho' his Sword many *Philistines* slew,
 And *Israel's* Foes he bravely did subdue;
 Yet did that Love and Friendship in his Breast,
 Embalm his honour'd Name above the rest
 Of his Renowned Vertues, and engage
 Immortal Fame in each succeeding Age.

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On Modesty and Chastity.

O How is this Luxurious World beguil'd!
That Spotless Modesty seems quite exil'd;
And Chastity cashier'd, or banish'd hence,
Lest her prevailing pow'rful Influence
Should tincture Humane Hearts with holy Awe,
And deeply there engrave the Royal Law;
Which few regard, though of a vast Extent,
Although its Precepts teacheth to prevent
The sad Effects, Grief, Shame, and Oblöquy,
That still attend them that slight Modesty.
For Chastity, sits as with awful Grace,
Enthron'd i'th' Heart, and sweetly in the Face
Holds forth its Ensign, Modesty, as 'twere
A Flag of Peace, which, when it doth appear,
It bids Defiance to th' Voluptuous Mind,
Although to Hospitality inclin'd;
And doth with Friendly Treatments entertain
Those that converse therewith, without a Stain;
Or base Extravagance of wanton Look,
Wherewith deluding Syrens bait their Hook,
To catch unstable Hearts with seeming Joy,
Though the design is chiefly to destroy.
No, here's a pure, tho' far more potent Charm,
That, as a Castle, daunts approaching Harm
With simple Innocence, whose chiefest Care
Is to prevent, rather than plant a Snare.
Then why Should either Sex claim Liberty,
Beyond the Confines of sweet Modesty?

It seasons Words, and fairly regulates
 Deportment, both to High and Low Estates;
 It crowns the Man with Comeliness: But she
 That wants it, deserves Shame and Infamy.

RETIREMENT.

O Whither is my *Love* withdrawn! and where
 Shall I direct my Steps to find him near,
 And fear no prying Eyes, nor list'ning Ear?

Ah! Whither shall I now repair to find
 A Solitary Place to ease my Mind,
 To him that can my Foes in Fetters bind?

Ah, Lord! with-hold not those *Resplendent Beams*,
 Nor stop the Current of those *Christal Streams*,
 Which would both heal my *Wounds*, and cleanse my
 (Stains.

Spring! Spring! O Fountain of Felicity!
 And let sweet *Shiloh's* Stream flow forth, that I
 May drink, and be refresh'd; or else I die.

Appear, thou great High Priest of *Israel*!
 Who in that vast Eternity doth dwell,
 Whose perfect Beauty, Tongue can never tell.

O can my Soul but much affected be
 With those Enam'ring Rays that dart from thee,
 Great Spring of Light! O teach me fervently

To wait for thee! whose Love is still inclin'd
To favour *Isr'els* Seed, whose Heart and Mind
Is unto thee unfeignedly resign'd.

Tho' Mortals cannot see thy Face, and Live;
Yet to thy Royal Seed thou'rt pleas'd to give
This Princely Favour, this Prerogative.

Lord, cast thine Eye upon a Worm, whose State
Is even like a Widow desolate!
Remove, consume, all that would separate,

Or interpose betwixt my Love and me:
O rend the Vail throughout, that I may see
My Soul's chief Darling! Ah, Thou, Thou art He;

That stands behind the Wall, and there dost wait
To shew thy self, when thine do supplicate
To see thee near; then dost thou satiate

The Pure in Heart: Altho' thou please to try
Their Zeal, their Fervour, their Sincerity
To thee; whose Presence, Lord, is always nigh.

On Solomon's Requests.

(give
Great Solomon, t'whom Heav'n was pleas'd to
 A Token of his Favour, when requir'd
 To ask and have; 'twas not that he might live
 To num'rous Years, or Riches he desir'd,
 Nor yet the Fame of outward Victory,
 But that his Heart true Wisdom might enjoy.

Who, when he had this great Request obtain'd,
 Esteeming it above the finest Gold,
 Other more mean Enjoyments also gain'd;
 He learn'd by this, Enigma's to unfold;
 And saw by this, all things below the Sun,
 Were Vanity, and must to Period come:

And while to this he rightly was inclin'd,
 His steps were guided in the Path of Peace;
 His Understanding Heart and Princely Mind
 In Wisdom's Secrets daily found Increase:
 He then Experimentally could tell,
 Her Price all glistring Rubies did excel.

For this alone gives true Nobility,
 Rightly instructing Princes how to Reign,
 As with a Righteous Scepter: 'Tis hereby
 The Magistrate bears not the Sword in vain,
 To punish or protect; but knows t'extend
 Mercy and Justice with impartial Hand:

Therefore

Therefore a Terror only unto them,
 Whose Acts and Deeds are Evil; but a Praise
 To Wisdom's Children. Thus the Diadem
 Of Princely *Solomon* gave forth such Rays,
 As dazled the Beholders: Majesty
 Shin'd in his Wisdom to each wond'ring Eye;

Much more than in the Plenty of his Gold,
 Or Sparkling Gems, common to other Kings;
 'Twas none of these, when niggard Fame had told
 His *Name* in *Sheba's Court*, that from thence brings
 That famous *Queen*, whose Heart was set on fire
 To prove the Truth, his Wisdom to admire.

Where secret Wisdom dwells, at her right Hand
 are length of Days, and Peace, wherewith to bless
 Those that attend on her, and always stand
 As at her Door, the Gate of Righteousness:
 With *Wealth & Honours* her right Hand requites
 Those whom she's pleas'd to own *her Favourites*.

But Words, alas, cannot enough set forth
 Its Excellence, nor Tongue of Man declare
 True Wisdom's Price, according to its Worth:
 She dwells i'th' *humble Heart*, that's fill'd with fear
 Of the Almighty; and all those that have her,
 Find Substance that remains, yea, endless
 (Treasure.

A Meditation.

O Who would think, all outward Foes might be
Suppress'd and Conquer'd, much more easily
Than that insulting Tyrant in the the Heart,
Which there usurps, and acts the Traytor's part!
For though a Man externally Reform
His Actions, so that strictly he perform
The Precepts of the Law; 'tis all in vain,
If he th'accursed *Achan* entertain
In his polluted Breast: This will expose
Him to the Fury of all outward Foes;
Whom otherwise he might with ease repel,
Did not this Traytor in the Bosom dwell.
We'll therefore wait, to feel the searching Power,
By its Enlightning Influence, discover
This cursed *Achan*, that the Camp may be
Entirely Sanctified, to follow thee,
Isr'els Victorious King, who truly dost
Watch with a tender care o'er *Isr'els* Host:
For 'tis a Task, surpassing Humane Skill,
Rightly to govern and direct the Will.
Let therefore Heart and Will be still resign'd
To thee, with a free, fervent, humble Mind.

Contem.

Contemplation.

Great Prince of Peace! When I incline
To wait on thee,
Thou say'st in secret, Thou art mine;
Thou'st purchas'd me;
Not with Corruptible or Fading Things,
But with a Price that far exceeds the *Crowns of Kings*.

Ah, Lord! Who can enough admire
Thy Boundless Love,
Which doth so far surpass desire,
Yea, often prove
Beyond what might expected be by me,
Unworthy of the smallest smiling *Glance* from thee.

O Gracious Love! Thy Sweets excel
All things below:
Alas! Earth's Beauty cannot parallel
Thy meanest Glimpse, I know;
For one's an Earnest of ne'er-fading Joy;
The other's an ensnaring Soul-deluding Toy.

Thy smallest gentle Ray invites
Our Souls to taste
Those never-fading fresh Delights,
Which always last;
And, as desired, more increase,
Unto the humble holy Child of Peace.

152 **Fruits of Retirement: Or,**
Mark how the Tapers feeble Light,
With Glimm'ring Ray,
Gilds as it were the Shades of Night,
Instead of Day;
But what's its Lustre, when the Sun appears
T'illuminate our doleful Hemispheres!

So, tho' Earth's Pleasures sometimes do,
With seeming Joys,
Allays small Sorrows, mitigate a Wo,
That from her Toys
Proceeds, and vex the groveling Soul that feeds
Upon her empty Husks, and noisome Weeds.

Et yet when the Brightness of thine Eye
Doth from above
Discover dark deluding Vanity,
And with its Love
Invite; how less than nothing then are those
Fondly Ensnaring Toys, and Flatt'ring Shows,

Which only by Reflections do
Produce Remorse
In th'injur'd Conscience, to increase the Wo
That will with Force
Fall upon those that dote on Fading Toys,
But slight the Light that leads to endless Joys?

Ah then, who can enough admire
Thy Love, thy Light!
Who can but long, with strong desire,
For such Delight!
This is the Light of Life, fades not away,
But shines—more bright unto the perfect Day.

of

OF FRIENDSHIP.

Virtue is the right *sacred Spring*, whence flows
Those *Christal Streams*, whereby true *Friendship*
That dear Affection, that firm Unity, (grows;
That Interwoven free Community;
Which so engageth Hearts and Minds together,
No stormy Sea, nor utmost Lands, can sever
These willing Captives: For the Gen'rous Mind
Is not by place, though far remote, confin'd.
True Friends, when they by distance are bereaven
Of Verbal Converse, have their Names engraven
In one anothers Hearts, which cannot be
Cancell'd or Raz'd by Earths vain obloquy:
Yet, lest the same should, as a Glimm'ring Spark,
Seem to expire, as buried in the Dark,
There is by Mediums (if the place deny
Them, *viva voce*, free Community)
Reciprocal Reflections of its Beams
Unto each other, couch'd in fable Streams;
Tho' the abounding Solace doth increase,
When Friends converse together Face to Face;
Then freely they Unbosom their Requests,
And treasure Secrets in each others Breasts,
As in firm Cabinets, close lock'd, where none
Can find the Key, but only each his own.
Is one oppress'd with Grief? He lays a share
Upon his Friend, that he may help to bear:
Swims one in Solace? Finds he cause of Joy?
'Tis then re-doubled by Community:

Mourns

Mourns one? the other Mourns: Doth one Rejoyce?
His Second Self then, both in Heart and Voice,
Doth Sympathize: True Friendship may not be
Without an inward secret Sympathy.
But fawning Parasites, tho' they pretend,
In Complement, to be each others Friend,
For meer Self-int'rest, or some close design,
Become, if not proud Enemies, in time
Absolute Strangers; and so manifest
True Friendship ne'er was grounded in their Breast.
Altho' there was some formal Shew, whereby
Some were deluded, through Hypocrisie,
T'impart their hidden Secrets, which are now
Made Proclamations, with a scornful Brow;
Nor are Reproaches, taunting Calumnies,
Backbiting, Railing, other Injuries,
With-held, as opportunity affords (Swords;
Them vent for Wrath, with either Tongue or
Surely, because such do not rightly know
That Innate Spring, which makes true *Friendship*
For this, by Covenant, doth so engage (grow:
Their Noble Hearts, that no Self-wounding Rage
Can here prevail, or once dissolve the Knot
Friendship hath ty'd: Mistakes are soon forgot,
If any interpose, or would present
Some Crime, to cause a Frown in discontent.
There's Charity in Friendly Breasts, that heals
Such Scars, whereby true *Love*, not *Rage*, prevails:
And when it is unto Perfection grown
In both their Hearts, such Scars are seldom known,
Gentle Advice, whereby one may reclaim
A Friend from Error, doth not wrong the Name,
Or make a Breach in Friendship: None may be
Rightly esteem'd a Friend, that if he see

His

His Neighbour lose his Way, will not direct
Unto a better ; or that will reject
Good Exhortation, fancying Reproof
A greater Crime than he is guilty of.
Self-hood is often Blind ; therefore a Friend
Is not prohibited to reprehend,
So he proclaim not Faults. But they that would
Sin uncontroul'd, and hug their Errors, should
Never contract a Friendship, lest thereby
That sacred Name be stain'd with Infamy.
Is any Wise, that when Distempers do
Begin to seize, would not desire to know ?
Diseases known, are sooner cur'd ; but they
That would indulge and hide them, that they may
Thereby increase, do frequently expose
Themselves, as a Derision to their Foes.

True Cordial Friends, without offence, can bear
Kind Admonition, though it be severe.
The faithful Wounds of Friends are like Incision,
Made by the Skilful Hand of some Physitián,
To let out noxious Humours, that invade
The afflicted Part, and stubbornly impede
The hoped Cure ; which afterward with speed
Doth, by some suppling Ointment, well succeed.

Thus, by this needful Freedom, *Friendship* shines
With greater Lustre ; but its Light declines,
Where this is limited. Who can but grieve
To be so overpow'r'd, not to relieve
A Friend afflicted ; that may not apply
A precious Balm to heal his Malady ?
But there's Rejoycing, when with equal Mind
Exchanging Thoughts, they may in any kind
Express their Sentiments, and signify
Reproof or Approbation faithfully.

Thus

156 **Fruits of Retirement: Or,**

Thus still persisting in the sweet Increase
 Of Love unfeign'd, and firm abiding Peace:
 Here Innocent Delights more freely springs,
 Than may be found in Courts of mighty Kings,
 But as true *Vertue's* rarely to be found,
 So *Friendship* grows not up in every Ground:
 He that would choose a Friend, should prove and
 Before the Knot be knit, none should unty, (try;
 While either Friend remains; for *Friendship* must
 (Though one be separated unto Dust)
 If poor *Mephibosheth* survive, extend
 To the Posterity and Name of Friend;
 Else that's imperfect, which should rather be
 A little Ray of Immortality.
 Hast thou a Friend, whose Ingenuity,
 Well guarded with a right Simplicity,
 Can both esteem what thou'lt communicate,
 And of his own richly retaliate
 The hidden Treasures of a knowing Breast,
 Whose Cordial Love (too great to be express'd
 By feigned Speeches) freely can reveal
 His Secrets in thy Ear, but thine conceal
 Close from all others, whose Fidelity
 Will ne'er desert thee in Adversity,
 Altho' the World Frown on thee, but remain
 In Offices of Love, the very same,
 Or more endear'd, than in Prosperity?
 If likewise thou retain Integrity;
 Or if thou'rt overtaken by surprize,
 And hast transgress'd, can deeply sympathize,
 (If thou forsake thine Error, and accept
 Of Counsel, that advice may take Effect)
 And, as in secret, mourning over thee,
 Can with Love's Garment, wisely cover thee

From

From th'Eyes of others; yet if Scandals should
 (When rais'd by others) in his Ear be told,
 Will still thy true Intelligencer be;
 Yet boldly guard thy Name, and plead for thee,
 When thou art absent: Know, that he expects
 Friendship should have in thee the same Effects;
 Yet hates Upbraiding, or a Slandrous Tongue:
 What can to Friendship be a greater Wrong?
 But those that flatter thee in prosp'rous Times,
 And subtilly indulge thy darling Crimes;
 Will not endure a blust'ring Storm, but flee,
 And, with thy Riches, haste away from thee.
 This is a Friend indeed, that cannot be
 Brib'd with thy Wealth, or lost in Misery:
 O grant him in thy Heart a worthy place!
 And see, as in a Glass Face answers Face,
 Thou answer him; yea, prize him more than Gold
 Of *Ophir*; for his Worth cannot be told.
 'Tis but the wise and honest Heart, from whence
 Deceit's exil'd, that's Friendships Residence.

A Letter to a Friend.

Sometime this Query riseth in my Mind,
Can Friends be to each other so unkind,
Thus to perplex, and yet not shew the Cause
Why Friendship should admit so long a Pause?
Hath Grandeur stupify'd thy fertile Quill,
Or Mammon metamorphos'd thus thy Will?
So Condescending formerly, and kind,
As if to Love and Friendship most inclin'd.
Methinks abundance of such outward Store
Should ne'er abridge our time, but gain us more:
Not that Wealth can add Number to our Days;
But Time (wherein the Indigent may raise
Some Stipend, to procure their daily Food)
Might be improv'd, as for a mutual Good,
By such as have obtain'd a full supply;
Or else wherein doth the advantage lie
Betwixt the Rich and Poor? Heaven still extends
Bread, to sustain each to their latter ends.
Then should not those, that greater Mercy share,
Some Time for Friendship's Priviledges spare?
But should my Grief by words be thus express'd?
I'll cease to write, and only Sigh the rest;
For since my Letters may not answer'd be,
I may conclude, that all is Vanity.

Another

Another Letter to a Friend.

MY hasty Pen, about to write *Unkind*,
(When interrupted by my zealous Mind)
Again admits of dear *Marcaria*; tho'
Thy tedious Silence gives affront unto
True Cordial Friendship, which in ev'ry State
Sweetly delighteth to communicate
Pure Streams of Love, as opportunity
Permits, to manifest its Sympathy:
Which, seeming now to cease, gives cause of doubt,
Some new Concern hath jostled Friendship out
From that fair Bosom; where, if yet it dwell,
'Twill by its influencing Power dispel
What'er would stop its Current: For we see
That standing Pools oft-times corrupted be,
When smaller Brooks, whose Streams do gently
Along their Banks, are purg'd and purify'd. (glide
Alas, that Love that burns with fervency,
Is frequently perplexed with Jealousie!
Then why so Silent? Why so strangely Mute?
Must I indeed not only find my Suit
Ungranted, but Disdain'd? And must I be
Therefore unanswer'd, for a Penalty

To

To be impos'd, as for a heinous Crime?
 Tho' I forgot once a Request of thine,
 I did not wholly throw aside my Pen;
 But, as full fraught with other matter, when
 In hopes of sending, though I did omit
 To answer each Punctilio, yet I writ,
 (Grateful or not:) For my Officious Quill,
 As formerly engag'd, is ready still
 To write to thee. —

Ah! Canst thou think what Doubtings do attend,
 Whether sad Sicknefs, or some rival Friend
 May now so long restrain thy careless Pen,
 As if it would not deign to write ag'in?
 Or must that Friendship in Oblivion lye,
 That seems Immortal? Then send Reasons why:
 How should I else resent this Injury?

Upon

Upon Parting with a Friend.

1.

AND can the affects of Cordial Friendship be
So apt to raise a Tumult in the Mind?
Or so injurious to my Friend and me,
To make us to each other seem unkind?

'Twere then but weak; nay Weakness surely must
Be challeng'd ours: Friendship is always just.

2.

May we not innocently then rejoyce

In the Society of Bosom-Friends?

Yea; yet we cannot always have our choice;
Since things below unto Mutation tends.

True Friends must part of meer necessity;
Best Titles here are but uncertainty.

3.

Yet might the Ocean cease to ebb and flow,

Ere I should once ungratefully deny

Those Obligations deep, whereby I owe

Much more to thee, than my poor Company

Could e'er retaliate in many days;

But I might suffer Losses other ways.

4.

Whilst she, obliging she, might never want,

What was so much desir'd, *Society*;

There's many too ambitiously would grant

That which themselves would so much gratify.

○

Why

Why should she then strive for a thing so mean,
And scarcely worth the Labour to obtain?

5.

Then why should too too furious fiery Zeal,
Usurp a place in such a Noble Heart,
Where only Love should evermore prevail,
(As knowing best to act true *Friendships* part)
Which thinks no Evil, but doth tenderly
Heal, or conceal and hide Infirmary?

6.

They that are unengag'd in Wedlock, seem
T' enjoy a Priviledge of Liberty,
To act Spontaneously, and may redeem
Time to enjoy a Friend; yet frequently
Such can plead urgent Business to withdraw,
And think it is no Breach of *Friendships* Law.

7.

When such as are by nuptial Tye confin'd,
Should not be censur'd in Sarcastick Strains,
Lest some seem Cruel, when they would be Kind;
And so change Mutual Pleasures into Pains:
Therefore let Heats and Animosities,
On *Friedship's* Score, no more among us rise.

A Letter of Invitation to a Friend.

IF to the Country I my Friend invite,
 'Tis but to do languishing Friendship right:
 What to a Friend can be a greater Wrong,
 Than that the Second's absent over-long?
 Now, tho' our Cottage be but mean for thee,
 Make it more pleasant by thy Company.
 For tho' we think we have an Interest,
 Firmly secured in each others Breast;
 Yet if it cease to circulate and flow,
 'Twill sooner stagnate, than increase and grow:
 Ne'er let it be like that adored Gold,
 Possess'd by wretched Misers, (that of old
 Conceal'd and hid it) useless, lest we seem
 Quite to reject, and lose that just Esteem,
 Due to the Root, from which *true Friendship* springs;
 Which to the Heart, Immortal Solace brings.
 Indeed in high-flown Panegyrick Verse,
 My Pen is not accusom'd to rehearse
 Praises incredible, nor to Commend,
 In deep Hyperboles, a worthy Friend;
 Yet she that treasures Vertue in her Breast,
 Shines in those Robes, wherewith it doth invest
 The truly Noble Soul, whereby each Eye
 Something of Innate Lustre may espy.
 Then may such well assert, like *Sheba's Queen*,
 When she great *Judah's King* and Court had seen;

*One half had not been told; So may it be
Affirm'd by many that have heard of thee:
Why then should this mean Pen pretend to tell
Half of those Vertues that in thee excel?*

A Meditation.

1.

WHY should the pure Immortal Mind,
That cannot Circumscribed be
Within the Bonds of Flesh and Blood,
Seem to Fallacious Toys inclin'd;
Neglective of the chiefest Good,
And only true Felicity,
The never-fading Joys of vast Eternity.

2.

Were wretched Infants Naked hurl'd
Upon the Banks of fullen Cares,
To beg the Favours of the World,
And only be involv'd in Snares,
And suckled at the Breasts of Misery;
Unless in all things they comply
With Earth's imperious Nods, and sordid
(Tyranny?

3.

No, no; that all-discerning Eye,
That with a strict observant Look
Surveys the corners of the Universe,
And Tokens of his Pow'r disperse
Therein, who now and ever took

Care

Care of the Helpless, cannot pass them by,
Since the young Ravens Wants he doth sup-
(ply.

4.

But an Instructive Lesson's learned hence,
That helpless Man might look unto
The all-preserving Hand of Providence,
From whom alone all Blessings flow:
To whom alone our humble Eye
Should always in Sincerity
Be lifted up, for he'll regard our earnest Cry.

5.

Though Infants many days, do more
Regard the Pap than her that gives it,
They learn in time both to implore
Help, and t'acknowledge who relieves it;
And, though they do not want the Breast,
Would with their tender Mother's Bosom
(ever rest.

6.

Thus is not both our Heart and Mind
Taught, with Magnetick Influence
Of sacred Love and Sympathy,
That we thereby might be inclin'd
To soar above the Sphere of Sense,
Of perishing Mortality;
Yea, with unwearied Fervency,
Seek the Sublimer Joys of bright Eternity?

Another Meditation.

OH! If my Mind
 Should be inclin'd,
 This would Increase my Fear;
 Lord, from above,
 Thou God of Love,
 Reveal thy Counsel near;
 That I may know,
 That I may do
 Thy Ever-Blessed Will;
 Ah, thine alone,
 And not mine own,
 Great King! Do thou fulfil.

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbis,

WHat a Succession of Delusion's here,
Whilst Righteous Reason is dethron'd!
Shall Darkness thus cover our Hemisphere?

Ah! Must no other Law be own'd,

But a depraved Will, that still inclines
To choose the worst, and leave the best;
Disdaining to observe the Sun, that shines
Within the Conclave of the Breast?

Why, both in former and more modern Days,
Should Vertue, as an heinous Crime,
Be prosecuted! Left its Conquering Rays,
Through the whole Universe should shine,

And thence dispel the horrid Shades of Night,
That does surround poor Mortals, so
That till this, rising, undeceive the Sight,
They wound their Friend, and spare their Foe;

Striking at pure unspotted Innocence,
Condemning true Sincerity,
As Malefactors, guilty of Offence;
Whilst *Barabbas* hath Liberty

Granted by common Suffrage: Birds of Prey
And Rapine, may uncensur'd tear
The harmless Doves; and who dare that gainsay?
But unto these, (Oh) how severe!

Yet have some few been rais'd in ev'ry Age,
Led by a Spark of Light and Love
Divine, which, as in secret, did engage
To plead a little for the Dove;

At least, to manifest their Discontent,
As none of the Confed'racy;
That they might either limit or prevent
The Progress of such Tyranny;

And, like the wise *Gamaliel*, intercede
With sober Caution, to beware,
Lest some thereby the Prince of Heav'n invade,
And cast themselves into a Snare;

Yea, Launch thereby into the sad Abyss
Of Endless Wo and Misery;
Except, Reclaim'd by such Advice as this,
They learn to shew more Clemency.

A Letter to Cousin F. R.

[Written after her Marriage.]

DEAR Cousin, thine is safely come to Hand,
Whereby I may thy Welfare understand;
Which is right pleasant welcome News to me,
As the like Notice here of mine to thee:
For mutual Love, where it abides, doth joy
In Friends, as in their own, Felicity.
O may it ever have preheminance!
Then shall we not be apt to take Offence,
Nor wilfully offend; but in each Breast,
Where it prevails, believe and hope the best:
This still indulgeth Amity and Peace,
But causeth Animosities to cease;
Distance of Miles can never quench the same,
It lives a Warming, not Consuming Flame:
In which I re-salute thee, and remain
Thy constant Friend, not changed but in Name.

Another

Another Letter to Cousin F. R.

NO doubt, ere this Rejoycing *Friends* are come,
 Congratulating thy Arrival home;
 And with the kindest Welcome, signify
 Their Expectation, to renew the Joy
 They'd formerly in thy Society.
 But sure, a watchful Heart may never be
 Lost (tho' engag'd) in multiplicity;
 But eyes the Rock, which, when in rowling Waves,
 Is safe to Anchor on, and firmly sayes,
 As in a Cliff, or secret hiding place,
 Free from the dangers of Tempestuous Seas;
 Wherein, as any doth securely stand,
 Such cannot be unmindful of a Friend
 That doth in such like Habitation dwell,
 But can delight by Tongue or Pen to tell
 Their Exercises, with Endearments free;
 Love circulating thus in Sympathy.
 But scarce had these my Musings finished,
 With many more quite lost and scattered,
 For want of Penning, when thy Letter came,
 And prov'd my hopes deferr'd were not in vain;
 Therefore in curtaile Lines herewith I send
 My Sentiments thereof to thee, my Friend,

A Third

A Third Letter to Cousin F. R.

CAN I be silent, though I seem t'intrude
 'Mongst such a throng'd important *Multitude*?
 Can I forget that Heart, that seem'd to me
 Firmly engag'd in mutual Sympathy,
 And Bonds of sacred Friendship, which were then
 Suppos'd Immortal? Can my sluggish Pen
 Forget its useful Office, though it want
 That influencing fair Encouragement,
 Which once was wont so freely to distil
 In copious Lines, from thy more pregnant Quill?
 Nay, nor although I own Realities,
 May I in curled Strains Hyperbolize,
 That innate Vertue, which in thee doth lye,
 Needs no such varnishing, vain Sophistry:
 This nought avails, but, like Adventures, tofs'd
 On Boistrous Seas, may well be reck'ned lost,
 If no Return be made: Yet may there be
 A better Traffick 'twixt my Friend and me,
 If she'll but deign to step from out the Crowd
 Of those Incumb'rances, which so be-cloud
 And intercept that Converse, which should be
 Not too too long confin'd in such as thee;
 Who, by Example and good Converse, may
 Lead on Associates in an happy Way.
 Should then this fading World again e'er find
 So great a place in that Heroick Mind,
Which

Which heretofore so prudently deny'd
 Its Grandeur, Pomp, and all its swelling Pride,
 To treasure up a far more Noble Prize,
 Than can be well observ'd by common Eyes,
 Which dote on Toys, and can admire the blaze
 Of transitory Honours, but soon daze
 At the Appearance of that Glorious Light,
 Which to th'Immortal Soul gives perfect Sight
 And Prospect of the new *Jerusalem*,
 Where the Redeemed wear the Diadem
 Of Endless Glory, and Rejoyce to sing
 Melodious Songs of Praise to *Sion's* King?
 Should then this World's Inferiour Trifles be
 Of such regard, as to prevail with thee
 To look aside? Ah! nay; For thou hast learn'd
 To pass by all her Triumphs unconcern'd.
 Now therefore, persevere, my worthy Friend,
 In that where Friendship never knoweth end.

M. M.

Upon

U P O N
S I L E N C E.

[Written by another Hand.]

1.

WHat Muse so soft, or who is fit to sing
Thy Praise, thou mighty Passive Thing?
Who can Define thy Genealogy,
Thou Product of the Deity?
For before any thing, thou hadst thy Place
Extended through the wide and empty Space.

2.

Th'Inhabitants above, in that bright Sphere,
Acknowledge thee a Being there,
When they their Hymns and Hallelujahs sing
To their High and Heavenly King,
In a most Reverend Frame, make use of thee
To magnify the great Solemnity.

3.

When *Horeb's* Mount was topt with Fire & Smoak,
And with a Dreadful Trembling shook;
To add unto its Horror and its Wonder,
The Rocks and Mountains split asunder:
Yet ne'ertheless, JEHOVAH was not there,
But in the Silent Voice he did appear.

Tho'

7.

Tho' Voice and Speech alone to Man was given;
 To worship Him, whose Throne is Heaven;
 Yet in an awful Reverend Silence, He
 Admits of a Discovery;
 For to his Ears, Words utter'd without Noise,
 Are louder Languag'd, than a Vocal Voice.

5.

What Praise is due to thee, thou calm Abode,
 Thou Rest of Souls, that worship God
 In thy Recess; the Spirit doth convey
 To Man the Knowledge of the Way,
 That leads to where Desires terminate,
 Where more's enjoy'd than Mortals can relate.

6.

Tho' some confess the Pleasure of thy Loves,
 Thy nightly Walks and silent Groves,
 Thy sweet Retirements, and thy pleasant Shades,
 Where neither Wind nor Storm invades;
 Where Pleasure's free, unmixt, and unconfin'd,
 Always attend upon a quiet Mind.

7.

Yet very few there are, that really be
 Fully Satisfy'd with thee:
 Therefore thine Artless Altar neglected lies,
 For want of holy Votaries;
 Whil'st Noise, thine Enemy, ascends the Chair,
 And Crowds her Praises Eccho through the Air.

W. A.

F I N I S.

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